HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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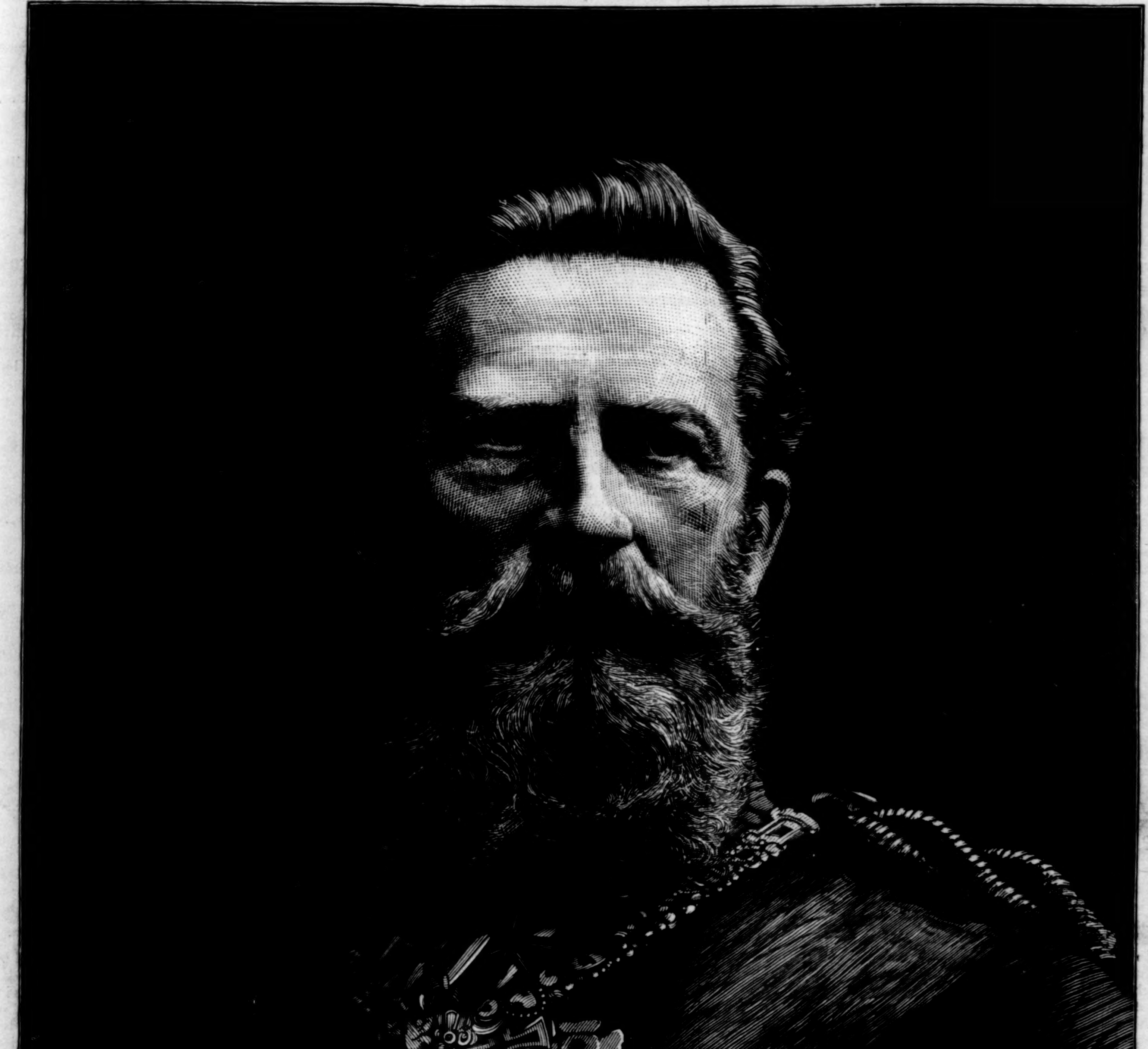

"UNSER FRITZ"—CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA AND PRINCE IMPERIAL OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published February 6, contains a short story by W. O. STODDARD, *entitled "The Snow-ball Jury"; Chapter XXIII. of the serial story "Nan," by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE; *and Chapter II. of "Reg,"* by MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.; DAVID KER *contributes a thrilling account of "A Fight with a Big Snake on the Amazon."*

In "A Visit to Muscat" LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY *describes the experiences of our friend Tom Fairweather in that curious old city.* SHERWOOD RYSE *contributes an article on "Hare and Hounds" that will delight the boys.*

The art-work of this Number includes a beautiful front-page illustration on wood by W. M. CARY, *and drawings by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, A. B. SHULTS, SOL EYTINGE, *and other well-known artists.*

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BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

A SHREWD observer in Washington says that leading Republicans believe, with reason, that when the Democratic party comes face to face with the tariff it will break up. However this may be, nothing is more evident than the reluctance of both parties in Congress to deal decisively with the question of revision of the tariff. The reason is obvious. It is that neither of the existing parties was formed upon the tariff issue, and that Democratic protectionists and Republican revenue reformers are each equally doubtful of the general effect upon their party of pressing their particular views. Still further difficulties arise from the want of agreement upon details even among those whose general views are in accord. Protectionist sentiment ranges all the way from the highest to the lowest rates, and the opposing doctrine stretches from free trade to a well-considered revenue tariff. Each side tests the position of the other by logical extremes, and the specific clause or duty under discussion at any moment offers an irresistible temptation to debate of the abstract question. Meanwhile the air of the capital rings with charges and counter-charges of corruption and lobby. The agents of this and that American monopoly actively canvassing members are held up to public scorn by one side, and the representatives of foreign manufactures striving for the American market are ruthlessly denounced by the other. Imposing statistics fatal to protection are encountered by tremendous figures destructive of free trade. And amid the universal uproar of contention it is gratifying to remark that the sole purpose which animates either side, if we may trust the orators, is the welfare of the people, and especially of the manual laborer, who in the ardor of debate is sometimes described by the politician as belonging to the working classes, forgetting that in this country "classes" are not acknowledged.

It is a safe conclusion, when two armies are evidently unwilling to fight, that there will be no battle. When the two parties in Congress are uncertain whether they wish to pass a bill, the bill will not be passed. It might, indeed, be predicted with certainty that the tariff will not be revised at this session except for one consideration, and that is the attitude of the country. Precisely what the elections meant must be, of course, a matter of inference. Of one meaning, however, Congress was very sure, and that was that they meant some kind of reform in the civil service. There is a very general conviction that they meant also a reduction of taxation. The public feeling in regard to the River and Harbor Bill was unmistakable. It was believed to be a vast system of extravagance, and an extravagance made practicable mainly by an overflowing Treasury. Extravagance and corruption go together. Honesty and economy, therefore, must be secured by diminishing the revenue. This, then, is the dilemma—that action is felt to be imperative, but that neither party is ready for action, because it can not calculate its party effect. Few Republicans would be ready to join the Democratic party to secure revenue reform when the Democratic party as such holds no position upon the subject, and few Democrats who desire protection would join the Republican party to secure it so long as Republicans differ upon the question. It is as foolish to treat the Republican party as the residuary legatee of the HENRY CLAY Whigs as to regard the Democrats as holding the protective views of ANDREW JACKSON. Mr. RANDALL is certainly not a free-trader. But Mr. RANDALL'S prospects of the Democratic Speakership are very promising.

The responsibility of present action, however, rests with the Republican party. There is unquestionably a general expectation that the revenue will be reduced, and if it is not reduced, the Republicans will be justly held to account. It is equally plain that no sweeping change of principle or method is demanded. In the present condition of the country and in the present state of public sentiment the Democratic party would not dare to contest the election of 1884 upon the total overthrow of a tariff. It is a wise and fair administration of that system, without violent changes and with the purpose of reducing taxation and preventing a surplus, which is the reasonable public expectation. And it is by that administration, as shown in the action of Congress, that parties will be judged. While it is true that both sides are very reluctant to do anything, it is obvious that something must be done. In this position could a Republican Congress do better than follow the general recommendations of the Republican President, in his annual Message, so far as the tariff is concerned? His proposal to repeal all the internal taxes except those upon distilled spirits was indeed too sweeping, and not in accord, it seems to us, with the sound general principle of taxation that he laid down. But his recommendations of a considerable reduction of the duties on iron, steel, cotton, and silk goods, wool and woollens, sugar and molasses, with a liberal enlargement of the free list, are wise and feasible suggestions. The Secretary of the Treasury also recommended immediate and extensive reductions of the revenue. The abstract question of protection is not under discussion. Assuming the present general system of indirect taxation, the Republican Congress must reduce the taxes, or the Republican party will pay the penalty.

A BILL TO BE WATCHED.

THE bill called the Freedom of Worship Bill which has been offered in the New York Legislature is an attempt to introduce the teaching of a specific religious creed into certain State institutions. It is in direct contradiction of the non-sectarian policy of those institutions, and is designed to give one sect an ascendency which is not enjoyed by others. No doctrinal or denominational teaching should be authorized in public institutions, while of course ministers of all denominations, within necessary regulations, should enjoy equal rights of visitation. There is no State Church, and religious liberty is infringed by any State preference of religious denominations.

Every effort to circumvent the absolutely non-sectarian policy of the State, however specious and plausible, should be resolutely resisted and baffled. The wise rule that religious teaching in public institutions shall be non-sectarian is opposed as irreligious, just as the public schools in which some form of religious faith is not taught are denounced as "godless."

But there is no sounder American principle than that the public schools and public institutions of every kind shall be non-sectarian, and the Roman Catholic body is the only religious denomination which, as such, shows itself steadily hostile to this fundamental condition of equal rights.

HOW TO COMPLETE THE NEW CAPITOL.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND has wisely decided to introduce some system into the expenditures for the new Capitol. More than $14,000,000 of "the people's money" has been expended upon this vast building, and the end is not yet. Governor ROBINSON would not countenance it in any way, and although on the evening of the formal opening he was officially present, it was but for a very short time, and he passed through the building with the air of a man who washed his hands of the whole business. Comptroller WADSWORTH also called attention to the vast cost and the doubtful security of the structure. A special Commission recommended taking down the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber. The Court of Appeals refuses to occupy the room designed for it. The grand staircase is the finest upon the continent, and painfully dark. The predominant impression of the new Capitol is that of immense cost and immense waste, of immense helplessness upon the part of the public, and immense negligence upon the part of the Legislature.

The only consolation yet offered for all this cost and waste is the praise bestowed upon the building by Mr. FREEMAN, the English historian. But he praises its noble effect, which was sure to be produced by any massive building upon so noble a site. He does not praise the extravagance and the general shiftlessness and aimlessness which have distinguished its erection. A bill has passed the Assembly to remedy these, at least, for the remainder of the expense and the building, by an actually responsible direction. The present Commission is composed of certain State officers. It is an *ex-officio* board, and an *ex-officio* board has not been generally found to be the best device for securing economy and satisfaction in any enterprise. So far as can be learned, there has been no plan of limiting expense by defining the general style of construction. Vast sums of money—hundreds of thousands, if not millions of dollars—have been lavished upon rare marbles, Mexican alabaster, mahogany for wainscotings and ceilings, and every kind of luxurious decoration. There is little reason to suspect enormous jobbery, frauds, and thefts in the building. It is only this reckless extravagance which is deplorable.

New York is a great State, undoubtedly, and a rich State, and magnificence in public works is an agreeable spectacle. But New York is a republican State, and republican government, or government by the people, should commend itself not only by its reasonableness and its care of liberty, but by its simplicity and economy. Splendid extravagance does not become a republican State. No man would venture to say that the people of New York would have voted to pay fifteen or twenty millions of dollars for a State-house. This is not because they are mean, but because they are wise, and it is the duty of the Legislature to act in accordance with what every member knows to be the public feeling upon the subject. It is late to begin to do what ought to have been done at first. The Capitol must be completed, but it should be completed upon a close estimate of the probable cost, and under an intelligent and responsible director.

REFORM IN THE STATE.

SINCE the PENDLETON bill passed Congress similar bills have been introduced into several State Legislatures, notably in New York and Pennsylvania. In New York the measure presented is substantially the Congressional bill applied to the State. It provides for a Commission whose duties are to be like those of the national Commission, and within four months after the expiration of the present session of the Legislature the subordinate officers and clerks in the State service are to be classified, under the direction of the Governor; but the classification is not to include elective officers, nor, except by request of the Senate, persons nominated for confirmation, nor laborers. The bill also empowers the mayors of all cities with a population of fifty thousand or more to prescribe proper regulations for the admission and promotion of persons in the municipal service. From this provision are excepted elective officers, and the police, health, fire, educational, or law departments of any city, and responsible financial officers. All such departments, however, are invested with such authority for their own regulation as the bill confers upon the mayor, to be exercised in consultation with him. The bill also stringently prohibits political assessments.

Like the PENDLETON bill, this is an initiative measure. It does not seek at once to include everything, but it selects a certain area within which it is to operate, and within which it may be carefully tested. It is properly tentative, and seeks the correction of experience at every step. It is but fair that a new system should be satisfactorily tested before it is universally applied, and it can be tested satisfactorily only under the careful supervision which is practicable within a limited range. For such reasons the operation of the bill passed by Congress is restricted at the outset. That bill, for instance, will apply at first to about thirty post-offices only, including those at Boston and Providence in New England; New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore in the Middle States; Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and St. Paul at the West; New Orleans at the South; and San Francisco upon the Pacific. In these offices it can be fairly tried, and satisfactory results in them would lead naturally to its extension to others. The same principle is applied to municipalities in the bill which has been introduced at Albany.

The Legislature will hardly forget that the popular demand for reform, which was so promptly heeded by Congress, was nowhere more emphatic and impressive than in New York. And in this State, which has inherited its civil service system from the Council of Appointment, nothing remains to be learned of the evils of a wholly political and partisan minor service. The vote of both parties in the Legislature will be curiously watched, and every vote for obstruction and delay will be seen to be a vote against a just and general popular demand.

THE FATHER OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE passage of the civil service reform bill naturally recalls a man who would have justly rejoiced in it—THOMAS ALLEN JENCKES, of Rhode Island. Mr. JENCKES is the father of the movement, and the PENDLETON bill merely embodies his principles and purposes. Mr. SUMNER introduced a bill in 1864 providing for competitive examinations, which LIEBER thought would be bitterly opposed, and which Mr. SUMNER did not press. In 1871 he said that the first essential step to reform was a single term for the Presidency, and he proposed a constitutional amendment to that effect. But the continuous movement which has now resulted in the passage of the reform bill began with Mr. JENCKES. In obedience to a concurrent resolution of July 19, 1866, Mr. JENCKES, then a Representative from Rhode Island, brought in a report on the 31st of January, 1867, from the joint select committee on retrenchment. The report was accompanied by a bill establishing a Department of the Civil Service, and providing for competition and probation. This report was followed by another on the 25th of May, 1868, and both were accompanied with

a great body of evidence upon the condition and system of the civil service, together with ample information regarding foreign systems, and especially of the reformed methods then recently introduced in England. Mr. JENCKES argued, maintained, illustrated, and defended his recommendations in many speeches and against all comers with great readiness, ability, and adroitness. He came to New York in January, 1869, and in an admirable address to an audience of conspicuous and influential citizens he produced a very decided impression, and gave definite form to a growing conviction.

But the subject seemed to be too remote and speculative until General GRANT, upon his first election, saw the extreme pertinence of Mr. JENCKES's suggestion to the actual situation, and with the aid of Mr. DAWES, of Massachusetts, then chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the House, and of Mr. ARMSTRONG, of Pennsylvania, Mr. JENCKES succeeded in attaching an amendment to the Civil Appropriation Bill, which is now Section 1753 of the Revised Statutes, authorizing the appointment of persons to devise regulations to promote the efficiency of the civil service. It was in pursuance of this action that General GRANT appointed the Commission of 1871, which reported to him a general scheme that he recommended to Congress. During the consultations of this body the members were in constant communication with Mr. JENCKES, who placed at their disposal his valuable correspondence with the English Commissioners, and they had the benefit of his suggestions and criticisms at every step. When the constitutional question regarding the action of the Commission was suggested by one of its members, and was referred by the President to the Attorney-General, an able and elaborate letter of Mr. JENCKES was of great service to the Attorney-General in the determination of the question.

Public opinion, however, was not yet ripe; Congress and party managers were hostile; and after a brief struggle General GRANT abandoned the effort for reform. But the question was too vital and important to be set aside. The discussion in the press and the general awakening of public opinion continued. In the autumn and winter of 1880 the moribund Civil Service Reform Association of New York was revived, followed immediately by the formation of other associations in all parts of the country, and by the organization of the National League in 1881. Documents were issued and addresses delivered under the auspices of all the associations, and the powerful aid of many of the chief journals in the country was given to the movement. In the winter of 1880–81, the bill which has now passed Congress was framed by the New York Association, in accordance with Mr. JENCKES's general views, and with the scheme recommended by the Commission in 1871. While the public interest in the subject was rapidly increasing, the murder of President GARFIELD immediately concentrated universal attention upon it. Reform then became a general demand, which the HUBBELL assessments made at once imperative. Upon the meeting of Congress the Senate took up the bill. It was cordially supported by the leading Senators of both parties, and at its passage only five votes were recorded against it. In the House it was referred without delay, and the committee was authorized to report at any time. Putting aside his own bill, the chairman reported the Senate bill at the earliest moment. It was immediately put upon its passage, and in prompt obedience to the emphatic demand of the country the measure which Mr. JENCKES substantially originated, and to which he devoted himself with unselfish assiduity, has become law.

THE STATE COMMISSIONER OF LUNACY.

IN speaking of the existing and responsible agencies by which the Legislature could undertake investigations into the condition and management of State charitable institutions we mentioned the State Board of Charities. For the specific purpose which we were discussing, that of an inquiry into the lunatic asylums, the obvious resort would seem to be to the State Commissioner of Lunacy, Dr. HARRIS, an officer whose competency is conceded, and part of whose duty it is to know the exact condition of the institutions, and to report upon them intelligently.

The agents whom the State appoints to perform certain duties may be incompetent or untrustworthy, and it may be necessary to put them aside and ascertain the truth. But it is not necessary to assume that agents who are appointed especially for their fitness are unfit, nor that a committee of the Legislature can ascertain what is hidden from an expert. If a committee of investigation into the management of the State lunatic asylums is to be appointed, it might wisely begin its inquiry by consulting the State Commissioner of Lunacy and the State Board of Charities.

FIRE-PROOF HOTELS.

A LETTER from Milwaukee states that it is a mistake to describe the Newhall House as a death-trap because of intricate corridors and difficulty of finding the way. The writer very justly says that the catastrophe was so tragical that the precise facts should be clearly understood, and not misrepresented, if proper means are to be taken to prevent such disasters hereafter.

The house was built around an open court, with straight corridors, and with two fire-escapes on each floor, and a bridge across the alley. So far as the corridors alone were concerned there was no trouble. But there were few brick walls above the office floor. It was a huge wooden tenement, with a dozen or more shops in the basement, and it was instantly filled with smoke, so that many of those who were nearest the fire-escapes perished. A person in a room on the fifth floor, next to a fire-escape, was lost, and the occupant of the room over it, upon the sixth floor, was saved. Fire-proof walls, however, would not have availed for safety, nor could anything have been of use in corridors filled with suffocating smoke.

For some reason, however, the Newhall House had a bad name. It was stated—nor have we seen it denied—that the insurance companies regarded it as a peculiarly dangerous risk. We can see no objection to a requirement that hotels shall be made as nearly fire-proof as possible. Brick walls, iron girders, floors laid in cement, are illustrations of what might be required. It is conclusively proved that the safety of the public can not be intrusted to private enterprise in building hotels and theatres, and it will be a great public gain if some of the original cost can be diverted from flimsy extravagance of decoration, which increases the peril, to solid fire-proof construction. There is not a tawdrily luxurious hotel in the city of New York, for instance, which could compete with a well-furnished and plain hotel which was known to be as truly fire-proof as some other well-known buildings in the city. The *Herald* truly says that what is wanted is not patent fire-escapes, but fire-proof buildings.

EAU-DE-MORT.

THE *Christian Union* recently published some interesting letters from eminent gentlemen upon the best methods of dealing with intemperance. The discussion must receive a marked impetus from the situation in Switzerland, which is the more striking because Europe has been constantly cited as an illustration of sobriety without restrictive law. A letter to the London *Times*, full of interesting details, states that drunkenness is becoming a national peril in Switzerland. The public fortune is compromised by the rapid growth of the evil habit. Failures and forced sales of property, due to this cause, have so increased that land is depreciating in value, and it is difficult for mortgagees to find buyers or tenants. The associated mayors in the Bernese Jura have addressed themselves upon the subject to the cantonal government. The Church synods loudly condemn intemperance. The societies of public utility and the press are contending with the evil, and the National Assembly has directed the Department of the Interior to see what can be done by restrictive legislation.

The increase of drunkenness dates from 1874, when the cantons were deprived of the power of regulating the traffic in drink. Before that time it was subject to many and stringent restrictions. Now it is as free as the trade in bread and meat. As a result of the removal of the restrictions, the number of public-houses or drinking shops has risen from 17,807 in 1870 to 21,738 in 1880. The population has increased by six per cent., the drinking shops by twenty-two. Deducting women, children, and the sick, the average number of drinking shops is one to every thirty persons. In Geneva they are as numerous as all other shops together. In parts of the country forty to sixty per cent. of all the crimes can be traced to the habit of drink.

More than all other evils which the general dram-drinking produces is the waste of wages and time. Some curious figures are given from the account-books of liquor-sellers. One man earned in a week 23 francs 60 centimes, and spent 20 francs 5 centimes for drink, thus carrying home 3 francs 55 centimes—say seventy cents—for his week's wages. One week the book of a liquor-seller, who was also a contractor, showed that his men had drunk up more than their wages, and began the next week with a balance against them. The remedy for this alarming evil is the revision of the constitution, and the restoration to the cantons of the regulation of the traffic. The facts are a significant evidence of the value of its careful restriction.

PERSONAL.

DURING his visit to this city the Marquis of Lorne bought for the Princess LOUISE a duplicate of a gold bracelet on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. It is a simple band of gold, the ends of which are clasped by lions' heads. The original came from Cyprus, and duplicates of it are said to be owned by the Princess BEATRICE and by the two daughters of the Duke of Argyll.

—The Women's Insurance and Accident Company of New York City is an organization that owes its existence to the fact that the old and prosperous insurance companies discriminate very unfavorably against women. Mr. GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, actuary of the Equitable Life-insurance Company, having had his attention called to this statement, replied: "Women are bad risks. We take them, but we don't want them; though, singularly enough, when it comes to annuities, the women display a perverse habit of living on and on, so that from any point of view they are bad risks. A wife insured for the benefit of her husband is not liked as a risk."

—Once a year Sorosis opens its doors to men. Among its guests on the 30th of January last were the Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, Dr. J. P. NEWMAN, and Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

—In a paper read recently before the Nineteenth Century Club, Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE told of a learned Boston lawyer who said, "I can neither read nor understand EMERSON, but my daughters can."

—Mr. FROUDE says that Cardinal NEWMAN's supreme merit as a talker when at Oxford was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength.

—Mr. J. COTTER MORISON, the biographer of MACAULAY, declares that when the historian was a guest of Lady HOLLAND at Holland House the imperious mistress scolded, flattered, and caressed him with a patronizing condescension that would not have been to every person's taste.

—Few men (according to the *Athenæum*) living wholly in the atmosphere supposedly serene of art have stirred more personal affection than DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, or roused in late years less personal antagonism. Those most opposed to his views in art found in a man who mingled in no strife, shared perceptibly in no competition, and bid for no prize, no fuel for their animosity, and allowed it to expire.

—Dean BRADLEY is to publish a volume of *Recollections of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*, ANTHONY TROLLOPE's son an autobiographical memoir left by the novelist, and ROBERT BROWNING a new collection of poems, under the title *Jocoseria*.

—Professor HUXLEY's connection with Cambridge University, England, has become closer. He will deliver one of the regular courses of lectures there this year, and will act as an elector to the professorships of Anatomy and Physiology.

—The widow of General "Stonewall" JACKSON and her daughter, a young lady of nineteen, now reside at Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. JACKSON left the South because she was there compelled to mingle with society, and could not find the retirement and rest that her health demanded.

—FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE thinks that a good actor can not also be a good dramatic critic, and introduces Mrs. SIDDONS, Mlle. RACHEL, and PASTA as cases in point.

—The phenomenal child called KRAO, now being exhibited at the Royal Aquarium, London, as the long-sought-for missing link between man and monkey, is pronounced by a writer in the *Academy* to be distinctly human, possessing the faculty of articulate speech, and endowed with an average share of intelligence. Her low forehead is covered with ink-black hair, with which also her whole body is overgrown, though the coating is not thick or long enough to conceal the dark olive-brown color of the skin. Her nose is short and nearly flat, her feet are prehensile, like an ape's, and her hands can bend back over the wrists. "Her beautiful round black eyes are very large, and perfectly horizontal."

—Says the London *Spectator*: "President GARFIELD did not die altogether in vain. CHARLES GUITEAU in killing him in 'Stalwart' interest gave a deadly wound to the system of patronage which the 'Stalwart' party were trying to protect. The crime fixed the attention of the people on the 'wire-pullers,' whose desire for patronage was its original cause, and it was silently decided throughout the Union that their trade should cease."

—F. M. his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., G.C.B., having been appointed a "Personal Aide-de-Camp" to Queen VICTORIA in recognition of his services during the Egyptian war, the London *Spectator* finds it "impossible not to smile." Suppose, it asks, President LINCOLN, after the surrender of Richmond, to have rewarded General GRANT by appointing him "My First Usher," or "My Chief Orderly," what would the world have said? "The laughter would have been endless."

—Mr. SEYMOUR J. GUY has, as usual, made the sensation of the Artists' Fund Exhibition. His contribution this year, representing a handsome young mother saying "Hush!" to an unseen intruder who might awaken her infant in its cradle, is a piece of strictly scientific drawing and exquisitely tender sentiment.

—Mr. J. CARROLL BECKWITH has distinguished himself as the Committee on Decoration for the Water-color Exhibition. The galleries of the Academy, with their Japanese portières, backgrounds, and bric-à-brac groups, excite the admiration of those who appreciate fitness in ornamentation.

—M. BONNÂT, the French painter, who went to Ville d'Avray to make a sketch of the dead GAMBETTA, spoke afterward with much earnestness of the inartistic and disorderly manner in which the statesman had been lodged

—Says the London *Academy*: "We have never read a more encouraging report than that just issued by President GILMAN, of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Only next after teaching and study is the duty of publication. In this respect Johns Hopkins may claim to be doing better work than any other institution in the world." It publishes regularly a Journal of Mathematics, a Chemical Journal, and a Journal of Philology.

—Lady WILDE (OSCAR's mother) congratulates her countrywomen that, owing to recent British legislation, "the whole social and legal position of the sex is changed. From this time forth a woman enters the married state no longer as a bond slave, disfranchised of all rights over her fortune, but equal with her husband before the law as regards property, free from his control, and perfectly independent of him in respect to the use she makes of her fortune." She adds that "women have been so long politically non-existent that they almost tremble to assert they have any rights apart from their husbands." They require, she declares, "much training in habits of self-assertion and self-reliance."

—Says the Rochester *Post-Express*: "People who are constantly inveighing against Mr. VANDERBILT simply because he is rich, and spends his money as he likes, should remember that some day they may be rich themselves. Never strike a man when he is down."

—Great Britain expends annually $4,466,910 on Queen VICTORIA and the rest of the royal family.

—The universities of Königsberg and Heidelberg having had a dispute, it was settled by duels with swords, three members of one institution fighting three members of the other. Königsberg won, having drawn blood fourteen times, in the presence of delegations from all the German universities. It is noticeable that the German newspapers mention the affair without comment.

—The Prince of Wales, at the urgent request of the Princess of Wales, is taking measures to suppress the sport of pigeon-shooting.

—In a book called *A Scamper Through America*, written by T. S. HUDSON, an English ship-owner, and published in London, we learn that the Arkansas River "in some places reaches a width of as much as forty miles."

—From *Punch*: "The *Daily Telegraph* thinks the conversion into a dry-goods store of Booth's Theatre, in New York, originally erected as a permanent home for the 'legitimate drama,' is a curious theatrical metamorphosis. We can not see it, for the reason that dry goods and legitimate drama are almost synonymous terms."

—Mr. RUSKIN having been re-elected to the Slade Professorship of Art at Oxford, everybody, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will be delighted to hear of it. "Genius is not an over-common quality in the occupants of professional chairs, and any academical body would do itself honor by accepting a man like Mr. RUSKIN on his own terms. The wide circle of Mr. RUSKIN's readers outside the university, in England and America, will be equally pleased. His acceptance of the chair is a sign of his restoration to health."

—A South African correspondent writes that all reports that CETEWAYO's reception in Zululand was cold are untrue. The restored monarch was greeted with open arms, and "chatted freely" with his people.

—In his life of JONATHAN SWIFT, Mr. HENRY CRAIK insists that his readers shall make a distinction between SWIFT's relations to Stella and his relations to Vanessa. Of the former woman SWIFT was very fond; with the latter he simply carried on a cold flirtation. "We see the truth about Stella and Vanessa only when we look at them apart."

—"Whether we like the fact or not," says an English journalist, "a very large number of women have now to make their own way in life; and surely it is only fair that if they must compete with men, they shall receive in youth the kind of instruction which will prepare them for their future struggles."

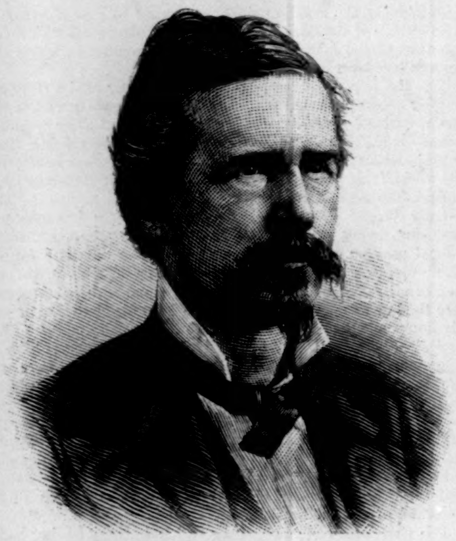
—For seven hundred years Lambeth Palace has been the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is surrounded by ten acres of beautiful grounds, to which the poor of the neighborhood are admitted in large numbers by free season tickets, good throughout the year.

—A breath of the war period stirs at the mention of the name of Colonel HARRY GILMOR, ex-guerrilla chieftain and free-lance of the Confederate army, who is now dying in Baltimore of necrosis of the jaw. The writer of this paragraph will not soon forget being a passenger on an express train from Washington to Philadelphia in the summer of 1864, when the redoubtable colonel and a detachment of cavalry captured the train just north of Baltimore, ordered the passengers to leave it, took prisoner every man wearing the Federal uniform, set fire to the cars, and backed them over a long bridge of trestle-work which they had crossed a minute before, and which, in its turn, was also soon ablaze. Most of the victims were treated with the greatest consideration, but the Union soldiers on board, some of whom, poor fellows, had been ill with typhoid fever, and were going home to convalesce, were marched off to Richmond. The contents of the baggage-cars received a thorough examination, and the colonel soon cut a droll figure by walking nonchalantly among his prisoners with a large new tooth-brush thrust through a button-hole on the breast of his coat. Considerable feeling on the part of the loyal passengers was aroused by the affection displayed by several of the ladies, who hung upon the necks of the rebel soldiers, and loudly declared their delight at seeing them. Toward evening a tug-boat came up and took the most of us to Philadelphia, where those demonstrative women unfortunately soon found themselves in the hands of the United States Provost-Marshal.

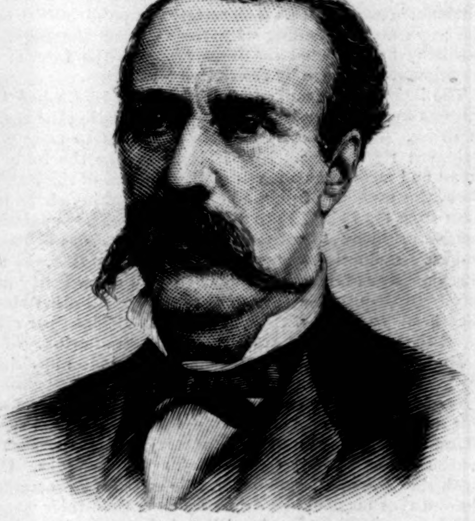
JOHN E. KENNA, WEST VIRGINIA.—Photo. by Bell.

JOHN R. McPHERSON, NEW JERSEY.—Photo. by G. W. Davis.

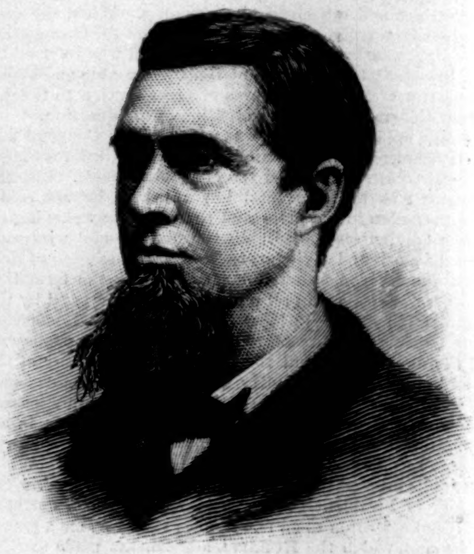
HENRY B. ANTHONY, RHODE ISLAND.—Photo. by Bell.



THOMAS M. BOWEN, COLORADO.—Photo. by Bohm.



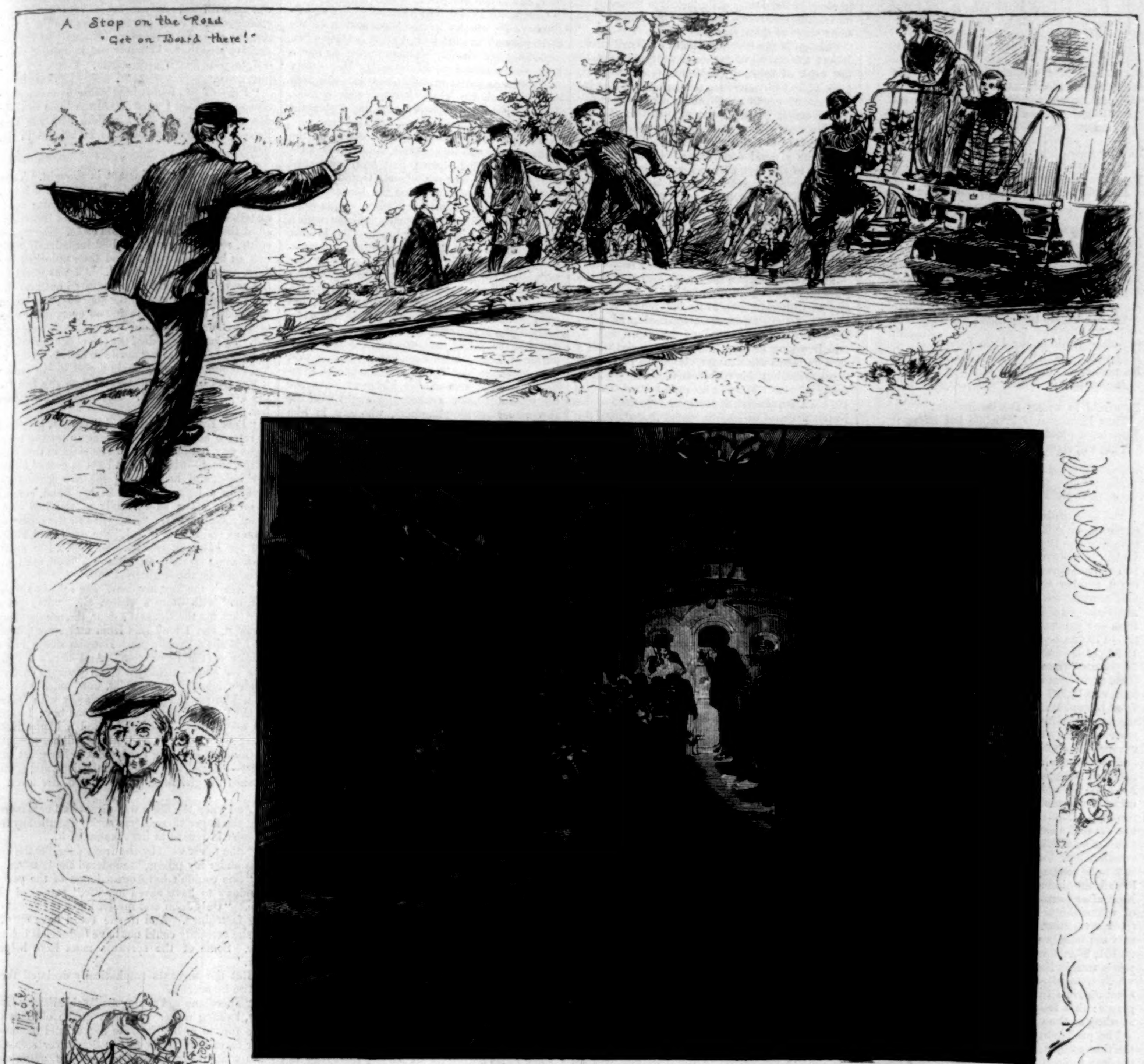
H. A. W. TABOR, COLORADO.—Photo. by Bohm.



P. B. PLUMB, KANSAS.—Photo. by Bogardus, 872 Broadway.

RECENT SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.—[See Page 87.]

THE CHICAGO STOCK EXCHANGE.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 87.]



WESTWARD BOUND—SCENES ON AN IMMIGRANT TRAIN.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers from Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 86.]

MOTHER-LOVE IN HEAVEN.

ONCE I met a little child astray
  In the wet and windy winter street.
He'd been wandering the long, cold day:
  Oh, so weary were his little feet!

But a baby of four summers old,
  In a small straw hat and cotton dress.
"What's the matter, little one?" "I's cold."
  "Where's mamma?" "She's gone away, I guess.

"I's been looking for her all the day:
  Oh, I's 'fraid she'll never come again!"
Then the pent-up anguish had its way,
  And the baby's tears fell down like rain.

Once he had been shielded safe and warm,
  A pet nursling in a happy nest,
Dreaming not of cold or pain or harm,
  In the shelter of a mother's breast.

Now he had but cold and hireling care;
  No one missed him from his little place;
No one taught him childhood's holy prayer;
  No one kissed his patient, pleading face.

Oh, clasp tenderly the little hands
  That no mother's hand again shall hold.
Do not doubt his Angel pleading stands:
  Mother-love in heaven will not grow cold.

Be afraid to wrong the motherless:
  They have guards invisible but strong;
They have pleaders in their sore distress,
  That will right, with mighty hand, their wrong.

WESTWARD BOUND.

THE bare statistics of immigration to the United States are sufficiently imposing. During what is termed the last fiscal year—which very inconveniently ends on the 30th of June—nearly 800,000 immigrants arrived in this country. The exact number was 788,992. Whence did this vast army set out for the peaceful invasion of the American republic? The greatest percentage from any one nation was from the mother country—179,423, or 22.74 per cent., while 98,295, or 12.26 per cent. more, came from Canada, making 35 per cent. from the English-speaking race. Of these 82,394 were from England, 76,432 from Ireland, and 18,937 from Scotland. The proportion from Ireland is the greatest, regard being had to the population from which they were drawn. Almost invariably these immigrants were of a high average in apparent character, in strength of body, and in equipment for their new life, the principal exceptions being among the Irish. Next in the order of numbers came the Germans, a quarter of a million strong (250,630), forming 31.76 per cent. of the whole. These too were of excellent average character. From these generally kindred sources almost precisely two-thirds of the immigration were derived—a fact to be remembered when the prophets of evil bewail the influence of foreign-born recruits. Next after Germany came Sweden and Norway, of whom the first furnished 64,607, the second (poor, struggling country, whose people are being only too rapidly driven away by frost and flood), 29,101, 93,708 in all, or 11.88 per cent. of the year's total. Next came the Celestial Kingdom, which appears—for the last time until the Pacific coast recovers from its scare—with 39,579 immigrants; then Italy, with 32,159—more than twice as many as the year before.

The probability is that immigration has, for the time at least, reached its highest point. For the last three months there has been a decided falling off from the arrivals of the corresponding months last year, so that the total for the calendar year 1882 is but 735,000, which is only 16,000 more than for 1881. The only nationalities in which the rate of immigration is sustained are the Russians, Hungarians, and Norwegians, and these form as yet but a relatively small portion of the usual arrivals.

The immigrants usually come to this country with well-defined plans as to their place of destination, and for the most part provided with railway tickets for their journey inland. In such cases they are immediately taken in charge by the special agents of the various lines, who sort them out, place the women and children in separate cars, with their natural protectors, when they have any, and keep the rougher persons by themselves. At the start the cars are rude but cleanly. Plenty of fresh water is provided. Some effort is made, too, to keep the air fresh and the car decent, but this is very difficult. Most of the passengers are but little accustomed to ventilation or to cleanly habits. Pipes are lighted, meals are spread in which sausage, cheese, garlic, and sourkrout form prominent elements, and their mingled odors combine with the smoke of cheap tobacco to render the cars insupportable. Then there are children, and sometimes sick ones; there are men and women who regard dirt as a part of the natural protection against cold; there are still other sources of malodorous emanations which would make a resident of ancient Cologne hold his experienced nose. But if the immigrants as a class are far from neat, they are equally removed from the sensitiveness of those who have led gentler lives; they are accustomed to what seem intolerable hardships, and the success with which they endure the smells, the confinement, and the poisoned air of the emigrant trains bespeaks them the heroes of the struggle for the "survival of the fittest," that is to say, of the fittest to survive.

When the train stops, laden with its miscellaneous freight, the adults are glad to alight, the children rush eagerly about gathering the oddest mementos of their journey. Bits of wood and iron, stones, oyster shells, and stray twigs of leaves, particularly if it be autumn, are proudly distributed about the cars. Occasionally a kitten is captured, to the delight of the whole car-load. Until it manages to escape it is petted, fed, put to sleep in the dinner pails, locked in the arms of its friends, and rarely abused. Our artist represents some of these scenes.

Chicago is the first main point of distribution. Before the arrival of the immigrants at this place the work of sanitary inspection is commenced, principally with reference to small-pox. The inspection is very thorough, and is conducted under the direction of the National Board of Health. The inspectors board the trains about one hundred miles east of Chicago. They first direct inquiries as to the general condition of the immigrants, then as to the fact of vaccination, and if it has been effected, the date of the last operation. This should have been attended to on shipboard, and no passenger of this class should be landed who has not been effectually vaccinated within a proper time, or failing that, vaccinated upon the ship. In some vessels the work is very carefully done; in others it is almost entirely neglected; in all it depends upon the fidelity and skill of the surgeon of the steamer, and there is no adequate system with reference to its enforcement. The vessels of the several great steam-ship lines differ widely. Each immigrant passenger, male or female, young or old, should be provided with a card on board the steamer, giving the facts as to vaccination, but this requirement is only partially complied with. Thus, in his report dated October 10, 1882, Dr. RAUCH, Supervising Inspector of the National Board of Health, stated that during the previous month one-fifth of the immigrants arriving in his district (Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri) were found "imperfectly or not at all protected against small-pox, liable to contract the disease and to propagate the contagion." This condition of things, however, is in a fair way of amelioration. The efforts of the National Board of Health have been earnestly seconded by the railway companies in every direction, and a good deal of interest is taken in the work abroad, so that the proportion of immigrants vaccinated before leaving the foreign ports is steadily increasing. The general sanitary care of the immigrants is also improving, most of the improvement being due to the influence of the National Board.

THE THREE GRANDMOTHERS.

"AND you would marry this fellow," said Grandma Von Breeks von Starch, in her bassooniest (that is the only word I can think of with which to describe them) tones, "if you could?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Gertrude, meekly but firmly.

"The idea is simply preposterous!" declared Grandmother Huffey's fife-like voice.

"Preposterous indeed!" responded the bassoon. "More than preposterous—disgraceful! A mechanic! a common working-man! a house-painter!"

"He's a fresco-painter," timidly corrected Gertrude.

"Which amounts to the same thing," groaned the bassoon.

"Michael Angelo—" began Gertrude.

"Heaven preserve us!" shrilled the fife; "she's bringing some Irishman into the discussion now! Be silent, miss. We'll not hear another word from you. And understand distinctly, once and for all, that if that person calls here to-morrow, which no doubt he will have the impertinence and assurance to do, you are to dismiss him instantly, or *we will*."

"And endeavor to begin the new year"—the bassoon took up the strain again—"in a manner befitting a descendant of the illustrious General Von Breeks von Starch, whose unexampled bravery made him and Bergen-op-Zoom—the city of his birth—famous not only throughout Holland but the entire world, at a time when you were not dreamed of."

As for Great-gran Peeky, she had sat softly rocking to and fro in her cushioned rocker, munching her caraway biscuits—a store of which she always carried in a little satchel suspended at her side—sleepily regarding the group of talkers, and saying not a word herself. But that was nothing strange for her. She scarcely ever spoke save in monosyllables, and never even in them when Madame Von Breeks von Starch and Mistress Huffey were laying down the law (a favorite occupation of theirs, by-the-bye) to servants, trades-people, or granddaughter Gertrude. And the last thing that could have occurred to either of the amiable law-makers would have been the idea of appealing to the old lady for an opinion on any subject whatever. It sufficed them that she paid without grumbling the greater part of the expenses of the household out of the income which was to cease at her death, and yet allowed them to manage all things pertaining to it in their own way.

Gertrude—so named by Madame Von Breeks von Starch in honor of the patron saint of Bergen-op-Zoom—had lost both her parents in her infancy, and her father having been reduced to poverty some time before he died by various gentlemanly vices, she had been left wholly dependent upon her three grandmothers.

Of these Great-gran Peeky was the mother of Grandmother Huffey, who in turn was the mother of Gertrude's mother, while Grandma Von Breeks von Starch held the same close relationship to her father.

The bassoon grandmother was at the head of the American branch of her family (she had been a Von Breeks von Starch herself, and had married a cousin of the same name)—a family of great prowess and many bags of gold in their father-land some century and a half ago. She was tall, stout, and solid, with a round face, big black eyes, abundant iron-gray hair, and a carriage that immediately suggested to the beholder the last syllable of her aristocratic name.

The fife grandmother, five years her junior, was directly her opposite, being, short, slim, and limber, with a sharp-cut face, extremely thin fair hair, and faded blue eyes.

Great-gran Peeky, notwithstanding her eighty-three years, was by far the best-looking of the three (though she did look, I must confess, when munching her caraway biscuits, somewhat like a very nice meditative old rabbit). Her snowy white tresses waved prettily above her still dark eyebrows, beneath which beamed with a mild, dreamy light her soft brown eyes, and a pleasant winter bloom lingered on her wrinkled face.

It was from her Gertrude had received all the picture-books and sugar-plums, almost always bestowed in perfect silence, that had brightened and sweetened her childhood, Grandma Von Breeks von Starch supplying the lessons in deportment, and Grandmother Huffey (let me whisper it) the punishments, usually inflicted with a slipper or the back of a hair-brush. But in spite of the lectures and lessons and other disagreeable things, Gertrude led a tolerably happy life with her three grandmothers until her eighteenth birthday. From that day dated such strict surveillance, so much sarcasm, so many scoldings, that even the hair-brush-and-slipper period seemed by comparison a regrettable one. And all on account of the young man who came to fresco the parlor ceilings. A handsome young man he was, possessing the highly euphonious name of Everdell Tremlett. But neither his good looks nor his romantic name availed him aught with the two managing grandmothers, who saw in him only one of the working-day race, with which the Huffeys and the Von Breeks von Starches had nothing in common.

And therefore with no more thought about the matter than if John the man-servant had been there in his stead, they allowed their granddaughter to practice her music lessons in the back parlor—the sliding-door being partly open—while he was at work in the front.

And so it happened that Gertrude, trying to play an air from memory, and finding it continually eluded her, was about giving it up in vexation, when some one softly whistled it behind her; and turning quickly on the revolving stool, she saw the young painter, brush in hand, standing in the doorway.

"Beg pardon, but that is what you wanted, is it not?" he asked as he ceased whistling, in a voice as deep as that of the bassoon grandmother, though much more melodious.

"Oh yes, thank you," said Gertrude, with a blush; and turning to the piano again, she played the whole air skillfully and gracefully.

"It's a beautiful thing," said the painter, still standing in the doorway; "but I think the song beginning in this way"—and he prepared to whistle again, when he encountered the frozen frown of Madam Von Breeks von Starch, as she stepped into the room from the balcony, and fled.

And the next day the piano was closed and locked, and the fair performer a prisoner in her own room; and Grandmother Huffey, meeting Mr. Everdell Tremlett as he came to work, requested him in one brief sentence to "get through his work and go about his business as soon as possible."

But Love—bless his merry little heart!—laughs at locks and locksmiths, and the very next time Gertrude went for her singing lesson to the Conservatory (to and from the door of which she was always escorted by either Madame Von Breeks von Starch or Mistress Huffey) she found there a new pupil with a magnificent bass voice, and that new pupil was the fair-haired, blue-eyed young fresco-painter. Not one word of this meeting, nor of the meetings that followed it two or three times a week for six months thereafter, did the naughty girl breathe to either of the three grandmothers, and the two younger of the trio exulted greatly over the strict vigilance with which they guarded the future bride (according to their long-laid plans) of Diedrich von Breeks, the rich Holland merchant, due in New York with the new year. But their exultation came to an end on New-Year's Eve. On that evening the Conservatory of Music gave a pupil concert, and the very first duet was sung by Miss Gertrude Von Breeks and Mr. Everdell Tremlett. In vain had the latter begged to be left out of the programme; in vain had he summoned to his aid a mysterious throat-disease. His professor declared that sing he must, or lose his place in the Conservatory, and, what was still worse, prove himself an "ingra-a-te!" And so the three grandmothers, sitting in great state near the stage, were horrified—that is, two of them were (great-gran munched her caraways as placidly as ever)—by seeing and hearing their granddaughter made operatic love to, in a very real love-making way, before a most fashionable audience, by the young man who frescoed their parlors.

In a moment the whole truth flashed upon their minds, and how they sat out the rest of the concert, so great was their indignation, they never knew. But at last, much to their relief, it came to an end, and the ominous silence with which they received the pretty culprit prepared her for the storm (the after-claps of which I have recorded at the beginning of my story) that burst upon her head as soon as they reached home. When it was over Gertrude was allowed to seek her room. Here she threw off her cloak, turned the key in her door, and took from her bosom a note, which she hastily read.

"MY DEAREST" (thus it ran),—"I suppose—in fact, I know—you will have a scene to-night with her Royal Highness Von Breeks von Starch and her faithful henchwoman the Duchesse de Huffey. I am so sorry for you, dear! But don't let them frighten you; and don't be frightened at what I am about to propose. To-morrow will be New-Year's Day. Consent, I entreat you, to begin the new year with me. I have but a humble home to offer you, but in it waits the blessedest of mothers and the best of grandmothers (who will make your fourth) to welcome you. I shall be waiting, when you read this note, with a carriage around the nearest corner. Our alto and tenor will be with me, ready to act as bridesmaid and groomsman. Your grandmothers would never consent to our marriage, and unless you take a decisive step they will marry you, in spite of yourself, to your Dutch fifth cousin. Come, my darling, come. EVERDELL.

"P.S.—If you find it impossible to make your escape, why, then I must beard the lions in their den to-morrow, and fight a duel with *the* Von Breeks von Starch as soon as he arrives in the country."

Gertrude stood an instant in thought. Then she glanced in the mirror. It reflected a bride-like figure. Dress of some clinging creamy white material, daisy-decked head, a cloud of lace clasped at the throat by a tiny gold cross. She smiled softly, re-read her note, waited impatiently until half an hour had passed, and then unlocked her door, opened it, and listened. All was silent as the grave. Cautiously she ventured out into the entry, groped her way to the stairway, and began to descend the stairs, pausing on every other step to make sure that no one was astir and watching her. At last she reached the street door in safety. It seemed an age to her until she had succeeded in unfastening the heavy chain across it—in reality it was just three minutes—and then she felt for the key. It was gone! Her heart sank within her.

"Poor Everdell!" she said, and sadly prepared to retrace her steps—not daring to try the basement way, because the servants slept in that part of the house—when a faint light appeared above her head, and looking up, she saw great-gran, carrying a lighted candle in her hand, coming down the stairs as carefully as she had come down them herself. "She will call the others as soon as she is sure it is I," she exclaimed, clasping her hands in an agony of fear. But great-gran came straight on, without a word, until she stood beside the frightened girl.

"Here's the key, my dear," she said, in a whisper, and with quite a girlish air. "I've got a key that fits the General's door, though she don't know it, and I took this from under her pillow. Oh! if she'd caught me. But she sleeps like a soldier of the Revolution. And here's a little gift for you"—putting a small package in Gertrude's hand. "Law, child, how much you do look like me the night I ran away with Oliver Peeky! Your sweetheart's a good boy; I know all about him. Good-night, and a happy New-Year to you both!" And exerting all her strength—Gertrude standing motionless in her great surprise—the old lady unlocked the door, and gently pushed the girl out into the arms of her lover.

And when the flight was discovered next morning, the anger thereat was nearly equalled by the wonder in regard to the manner of it.

"She never went by the front door, for the key was under my pillow," thundered the bassoon.

"She couldn't have opened one of the parlor windows to have saved her life," squeaked the fife. "Only John and myself know the secret of the fastenings. And if she could have opened it, she certainly could not have fastened it behind her. Some of the servants must have helped her."

But the servants emphatically declared their entire innocence.

"There's no use asking ma," said Mistress Huffey, looking rather spitefully at the old lady as she rocked in her favorite rocker and munched her favorite refreshment. "She never sees nor hears anything. But however the ungrateful minx got out, I'm glad she's gone, and not a penny of my money does she ever see."

The great-gran's "little gift" proved to be a bonbon box filled with fresh caraway biscuits, in the midst of which lay a crisp thousand-dollar United States Treasury-note. But never did Everdell or his wife hear from or see her again, for very soon after their marriage she passed quietly out of life, and so will remain an enigma to them forever.

And Madame Von Breeks von Starch and Mistress Huffey having succeeded in marrying the merchant from Bergen-op-Zoom to a distant relative of the Von Starch family—sought out and dowered for that purpose—departed with the bridal pair for that once-renowned military town, and "the land of the free and the home of the brave" knew them no more.

MARGARET ETTINGE.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Card-playing on Railways.—Anthony Trollope.—Henry Fawcett.—No Cross on the Book.—The Primacy.—Bishop Wilberforce's Memoirs.

A NEW crime has long been the great desideratum among our sensation novelists, yet it has been reserved for the ingenuity of the judicial bench to discover it. Imagination, of course, had nothing to do with it; the legal mind never takes even a swallow-flight in that direction, but after poring into certain dusky volumes it has come to the conclusion that what has been heretofore held to be an innocent relaxation—namely, a friendly rubber in a railway carriage—is a misdemeanor. As at least one-half of the business men who come to town from Brighton by the early express are in the habit of passing the time in this way on their journey, we may look for some wholesale apprehensions. It will be very pretty reading some fine morning to learn that Mr. Bullion, the banker, Messrs. Contango Brothers the stockholders, and Mr. Square the city architect have all been lodged in Bow Street for this offense. When the administrators of the law do make fools of themselves they certainly do it

thoroughly. I suppose it is because these bigwigs are so highly placed—so much "up in a balloon," as Mr. Gladstone said of the House of Lords—that they occasionally exhibit such stupendous ignorance of what is passing below them. Otherwise it seems impossible they can be unaware that to many persons reading in a railway train is impossible, and that when a party of male friends are together, going up to Scotland to shoot, for example, nothing is more common than that they should beguile the tedium of the railway journey by whist. I can state of my own knowledge that two of her Majesty's present ministers are accustomed to do this. Perhaps these judges are Tories, and their object in this astounding interpretation of the law is to send half the cabinet to prison. It is interesting to conjecture which of the new law courts will be the scene of this impressive ceremony.

Long ago one of the quarterlies commenced an article, intended doubtless to be final in its criticism: "Shakspeare, Scott, Dickens—a descending scale, we allow," and went on to apologize for placing the author of *Martin Chuzzlewit* in such good company. Since then there has been another trinity of literary men—Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope—whom it is still more natural to name in the same breath, and the last, alas! has just taken leave of us. Here, too, we will say "a descending scale, we allow"; and by the great majority of readers that opinion will be indorsed. Still Trollope, if not the equal of the other two, has much in common with them. It is far from my purpose to imitate the herd of obituary writers who, when a great man is dead, think they pay him the most honor by depreciating his living rivals—an easy task, which commends itself at once to indolence and envy. Yet in some respects, it must be confessed, Trollope as a novelist is the last of the giants. There are others left behind him who can write more thrilling stories, and one or two who have a greater command of humor, but there is no such creator of character. When I think of Trollope there rise before me, as if summoned by an enchanter's wand, a score of personages as real as any known to me in flesh and blood. I see the worldly Archdeacon, the masterful Mrs. Proudie, dear, worthy Dr. Thorne, and the proud Duke of Omnium. I see sweet Mary Thorne and honest Miss Dunstable and pretty Lucy Robartes. When I think of all these people, and remember that one man begot them for the delight of us all, I feel a genuine gratitude to him, and acknowledge his genius. When I remember how many thousands of his fellow-creatures this man has pleased, beguiled them from sorrow and from pain, and made the hours that would have been leaden to them pass by in innocent mirth and fancy, I feel that we owe him more than a tear of farewell. People in the country who see but little of society are especially indebted to him, for he supplied them with it. A new novel of Anthony Trollope's was as good as a dinner party, without the inconvenience of having to drive ten miles to it. The people he drew were often commonplace enough, but not more so than those they would have met, and just as real. He was not a painter of a high class; he could not have drawn Claverhouse or Tom Pinch; he was deficient in imagination; but those he saw he could photograph to the life. They were with few exceptions the folks we met yesterday, and the folks we shall meet to-morrow; but they were types, and stand for the whole of their respective classes. This is why I call him the last of the giants. There are more cunning workmen in his line of business than he was; his style was slipshod; his stories were thin; but his figures are stereoscopic; they stand out statuesque and solid. This is a real test of a good novelist. Tried by this standard, very few story-tellers, however excellent, come up to the mark. When one thinks of Lever, for example, one recalls only Mickey Free, and even he was but an Irish Sam Weller. A great fuss has been made about the death of the late archbishop, a pious, excellent man, regretted by all who knew him; but to the outside world the incident gives no sense of loss. The death of Anthony Trollope will be felt by tens of thousands who have never seen him, and in lands where he never set his foot. It is at the final moment that we discover how far inferior is the highest rank to genius.

If Mr. Fawcett is not a genius, he has done great things in spite of obstacles from which genius might well have shrunk. There may be abler men in the present ministry, but none who have won for themselves a higher place in the opinion of the nation at large, for Henry Fawcett's includes his opponents. An honest, independent workingman, without a touch of priggishness, or of that Jack-in-office insolence which is so infectious that even the healthiest nature is apt to catch it, he has earned the respect of all parties. That the physical disadvantage under which he labors helps to attract the public sympathy there is no doubt. The majority of mankind are content to succumb to circumstance. In this man they see one who has conquered it in its most adverse and antagonistic shape, and has set an example of heroism and philosophy to his fellow-creatures which will never be forgotten. It is not the mere politician, far less the mere partisan, who eagerly scans the bulletins that are issued from the blind man's sick-room; but in the railway carriage and in the tram car one hears from all classes of the community, "I am glad to see Fawcett's better," or, "To have lost Mr. Fawcett, sir, would have been a national loss."

A great deal of comment (and no wonder) has been made upon the conduct of a witness for the defense in the Lough Mask murders, who acknowledged that she had lied unhesitatingly, because "there was no cross on the book she was sworn upon." It no doubt exhibits a religious sentiment not distantly akin to African fetichism, but there are many people, after all, who hold pretty similar views, though they are not displayed in the same manner. Every man who takes advantage of the necessity of another to drive a hard bargain, and flatters himself that he is free from blame in so doing, is in the same position. "The law can not touch me," he says; or, in other words, "There is no cross on the book I kissed." It is the same with hundreds of persons, lawyers, financiers, politicians, critics, who, not being actually in Newgate, persuade themselves that they have done no moral wrong. As to the cross itself, that symbol is peculiar to the Catholic; but in this country the Protestant witness is often found kissing his thumb, instead of the Bible he is pressing with it, under the amazing belief that since he does not kiss the book itself, his falsehood is not perjury. It is a fact difficult to persuade what the advertisments call "a very large and important class," that it is not the gold, but the temple which sanctifieth the gold, that is of real importance.

I have been wondering during the last ten days whether I should like to be made Archbishop of Canterbury. The chance was so slight of my being appointed to the post that, as the mathematicians say, it might be "disregarded"; I could wonder quite freely, and without any personal prejudice or embarrassment. Of course I *could* have been made; everything is possible in an age which produces apricot jam from turnips; and should I have said, "*Fido episcopari*"? In some points I should have improved the place—I mean the palace. An American bishop once bitterly complained to me that the hospitalities of his brethren of the bench in England never included a cigar. "There was no tobacco," he assured me, "even at Lambeth." Well, *that* I should certainly have remedied. But in other matters I might have fallen into error. If I saw two of my clergymen, in a parish full of destitute and heathen people, quarrelling over the cut of an ecclesiastical garment, I am afraid I should knock their heads together, which would probably be returning to a too early form of church discipline. If I found another bent upon being a martyr because he was not allowed to waste candle-light in the middle of the day, I should send my apparitor—whom I should choose for his thews and sinews—to shake him, which would probably produce paragraphs in the High-Church papers. Then, as no promotion would ever take place without a searching examination in the works of Scott and Dickens, the evangelical clergy who "object" to novels would be always complaining that they were debarred from "the higher sphere of usefulness"—which is Parsonic for good livings. The sympathy of the public would be with me, but I should suffer from cliques and coteries. It must be impossible to be called "your Grace," and never to stir without a chaplain at one's heels, and at the same time to act naturally. To have £20,000 a year, but with the sacrifice of personal comfort! No. The offer, if it did come, would come too late. I had arrived at a period of life when comfort is everything. I decided that I would not take the Primacy. The matter is over now, but I honestly confess that I should have refused it on selfish grounds, and not "to oblige Benson."

It makes one very old to think that I was that gentleman's contemporary at college. Think of being contemporary of the Archbishop of Canterbury! When I knew him he belonged to "The Ghost Club," that under-graduate society I wrote you about for the investigation of physical phenomena. Observe the advantage of giving your mind in early life to spiritual things! If I remember right, he could tell a certain dream story of a very striking and surprising kind. An archbishop, I suppose, may not tell stories, which, to my mind, by-the-bye, would be another and a most serious drawback to the acceptance of such a post.

I say "I suppose," for, to judge by some recent memoirs, this liberty of story-telling is not absolutely denied to bishops. "Oh, Sammy, Sammy, why did you ever keep a diary? And oh, son of Sammy, what sum in four figures could ever have induced you to publish it?" I perceive that in reply to some remarks upon his "amazing indiscretion" he has naïvely replied, "Oh, but if you had only seen what I forbore to publish, you would have been amazed at my moderation." My own conviction is that when a man finds himself a literary executor, his nature undergoes a transformation. The gravest man becomes a humorist, and the most respectable loses sight of the decencies. I am credibly informed that the editor of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* is still utterly at a loss to conjecture what harm he has done to his deceased friend's memory, and how it has come about that from having been one of the most respected of writers, Carlyle has sunk to zero in the barometer of public respect. I am convinced that every man ought to edit his own posthumous works. R. Kemble, of London.

FINISHING AND REPAIRING.

The Naval Appropriation Bill which recently passed the House contains a provision appropriating a large sum of money for the completion of the famous Monitors, upon which millions have already been spent, and which for a long time have been the support and comfort of contractors.

It is obvious that the design of completing the Monitors is not to furnish the nation with war vessels capable of resisting hostile men-of-war, since their armor is so light that it would offer no resistance worth mentioning to the guns in use in foreign navies; they can not be employed for offensive purposes, for we have no guns with which to arm them that would pierce the armor of foreign iron-clads; they would be useless as cruisers, for they are unfit to go to sea; and they could not be used as receiving-ships, for they have room for a very small number of men, and they are so badly ventilated and lighted that they are dangerous to the health of the men who are compelled to live on board them. For what purpose they are to be completed is therefore far from clear.

As the Monitors are strongly built, they might be used to break up and crush the ice in the harbor, but unfortunately they are so slow that they can not be driven against the ice with force enough to accomplish anything except perhaps to entangle themselves hopelessly in the ice. The same want of power would make them useless as steam-tugs, not to mention the fact that they steer so wildly as to endanger everything that is afloat in their vicinity. They would be useless as hospitals, or prison-ships, or floating Bethels, and as unfit for yachting as for warlike purposes.

There must be some reason why the completion of these extraordinary vessels is thought desirable by such disinterested friends of the navy as Mr. Robeson and his associates, and it is a pity that the public is not told what this reason is. Can it be that they are to be used for decorative purposes by the painters employed by the navy? A great deal of paint could be lavished on their hulls and turrets, and the painters could thus obtain much valuable experience in the practice of their profession. Still, there are already so many vessels in the navy that are fit to be painted—and fit for nothing else—that we can hardly believe that the Monitors are to be finished solely in the interest of the painters. Possibly the government intends to establish a museum of specimens of obsolete types of naval architecture; but in this case why provide so many duplicate specimens of Monitors?

The only reasonable explanation is that the Monitors are to be completed in order that they may be repaired. Repairs upon the Monitors and their machinery have now been in progress for many years. If they have afforded so much opportunity for repairs before their completion, they can certainly be repaired a great deal more as they grow older. A really able Secretary of the Navy ought to be able to support in affluence at least two contractors for every Monitor by giving them a constant succession of contracts for repairing either the hulls, the turrets, or the machinery of these vessels. When we think how much these repairs would cost, and how much money would thereby be placed in circulation, we can begin to see that there is a reason for completing the Monitors. In fact, were work upon them to be now abandoned, we should thereby strike a serious blow at a very important American industry. At the same time only a Protectionist will consent to complete the Monitors solely in order that mechanics may grow rich by repairing them; and only an unusually violent Protectionist would think of converting the Naval Department into a sort of Department of Protection charged with protecting American industry in ways having only a nominal connection with naval affairs.

CHICAGO STOCK EXCHANGE.

Stock exchanges are much the same the world over, and the scene of bustling excitement depicted by our artist on page 84, in the exchange of an American city which fifty years ago was not in existence, does not differ materially from what may be witnessed any day in Paris, London, or New York in the places where brokers congregate for business. The Chicago Exchange is a large and handsome building, and the amount of business transacted there is immense.

SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

Three of the six United States Senators whose portraits are given in this number are re-elected, and three are new to the position. Among the latter is Mr. John E. Kenna, of West Virginia, a young man of less than thirty-five years of age, who has already served his State as Representative throughout three Congressional terms. He was born at Valcoulon, Virginia, lived as a farmer boy, and, when the war broke out, joined the Confederate army. In 1864 he was wounded in the service, and the following year was surrendered at Shreveport, Louisiana. Subsequently he attended St. Vincent's College, at Wheeling, was admitted to the bar in 1870, and has practiced since that time. He has been Prosecuting Attorney for Kanawha County, and has held the Circuit Courts of Lincoln and Wayne.

The Colorado Senators, Messrs. Bowen and Tabor, the former for the long term and the latter for the short, are both immensely wealthy. Judge Bowen is about fifty years of age. At the outbreak of the war he was living in Kansas, where he organized a regiment, and served in the Southwestern campaigns. He was brevetted for meritorious conduct, and was given a special command in Arkansas. At the close of the war he became a delegate to the Constitutional Convention for the reconstruction of the State, and was made chairman of that body. After the re-admission of Arkansas into the Union Mr. Bowen was elected an Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. At that time he was recognized as one of the prominent Republican leaders in Arkansas. In 1871 he removed to New York, and in 1872 President Grant appointed him Governor of Idaho. Afterward he removed to Colorado, and was elected a judge of one of the courts in that State. He became interested in mining property, and is now reckoned as one of the "Bonanza kings." Mr. Tabor, whose fortune is estimated at from eight to ten million dollars, was a poor man five years ago. He kept a small store in California Gulch, near Leadville, for the sale of miners' supplies. At that time George Hook and a shoemaker named August Rische, both without means, induced him to enter into a partnership with them, and put in what miners call a "grub stake." In other words, Mr. Tabor was to furnish tools and provisions to them while they were engaged in searching for minerals, and in return he was to have a share of what they found. Hook and Rische went upon a hill near Stray Horse Gulch, now known as Fryer Hill, where George H. Fryer was searching for ore. Soon after Mr. Fryer found the vein Mr. Tabor's partners pierced it. Mr. Tabor afterward bought out his partners, and in five or six months he took out of the mine and sold three or four hundred thousand dollars' worth of ore. He then sold the mine to Messrs. Chaffee & Moffatt for a large sum of money. These two mines and two smaller ones were afterward consolidated under one management. Although the mine was the basis of Mr. Tabor's present wealth, he has often said that if he had known where his partners were going to begin work, he never would have risked anything on their success, and more than once before the ore was struck he talked of withdrawing his "grub stake." In 1879 and 1880 he was Lieutenant-Governor of his State.

The Senator from Rhode Island, Mr. Anthony, is in his sixty-eighth year. He is a graduate of Brown University, was editor of the Providence *Journal*, twice Governor of Rhode Island, has been in the United States Senate for the last twenty-four years, and has twice been elected President of that body.

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, originally hailed from Ohio, where he was born in 1837. He learned the printing business, and before he was out of his teens removed to his present State. He was a member of the Leavenworth Constitutional Convention in 1859, and was afterward admitted to the bar. He served in the Legislature, and was Speaker of the House. This will be his second term in the Senate.

New Jersey's Senator, Mr. McPherson, is a well-to-do farmer and dealer in live stock. He was born in New York State in 1833, and removed to Jersey City in 1859. He was an Alderman from 1864 to 1870, and for three years was President of the Board. In 1868–9 he was President of the People's Gas-light Company, and in 1873 was chosen President of the Central Stock Yard and Transit Company. He was a State Senator in 1871–3, a Presidential Elector on the Tilden ticket in 1876, and succeeded Mr. Frelinghuysen in the United States Senate in 1877.

"UNSER FRITZ."

On our first page we present a portrait of the Prince whose succession to the honors and responsibilities of the imperial throne of Germany can not be far distant. The reigning Emperor, full of years and in declining health, must before long be "gathered to his fathers," leaving the government in the hands of one who not only as a soldier but as a friend of the people has won the admiration and affection of his countrymen.

Frederic William, Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Imperial of the German Empire, was born on the 18th of October, 1831. He received a liberal education, and at an early age entered the military service, in which he was rigorously trained. On the 25th of January, 1858, he was married to Victoria, Princess Royal of England, the eldest child of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert—a union which, besides being a true-love match, was very acceptable to the people of both countries. The twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding was to have been celebrated with great magnificence, but sympathy with the sufferers by the disastrous floods led them to decline the public festivities, and to request, in addition to their own large charities, that those who were intending to send them silver-wedding gifts should distribute the money among the poor of the devastated districts.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the incidents of the Prince's military career. In two great wars he has exhibited great capacity as a soldier, and will succeed to the throne with all the glamour which distinction on the field of battle can bestow upon his name. But he is not a soldier merely. He has broad and liberal views of state affairs, is a friend of popular education, and in him Prussia will have the most enlightened and progressive monarch that kingdom has ever known.

ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.

Ice-boating is not a purely American sport. For many generations it has been known and practiced in the fiords of the Scandinavian peninsula. But in this country, and especially upon the Hudson River, which offers almost unequalled facilities for it, the sport has attained its greatest development, and ice-yachts built that the most inured Norwegian would view with apprehension and alarm. There has been more or less ice-boating done on the Hudson for twenty years, but the establishment of clubs and the bringing of the sport from a pastime *feræ naturæ*, as it were, under definite rules and regulations, are not much more than half that age.

Like all great things—like the toboggan, like Magna Charta and Columbus's egg and Newton's apple—the ice-yacht is simple. "The earth is very simple," said Goethe; "otherwise it could not have lasted so long." The ice-boat is very simple, or it could not go so fast. It consists, when reduced to its simplest expression, of two planks and three skates, two sails and a rudder, and it is little more in its ultimate evolution. One plank, technically the stringer, crossing the boat, has a skate, technically runner, at each end. The other, running fore and aft, has its forward end firmly bolted to the centre of the stringer, and its after end shod with a runner, and furnished with a rudder, also shod with sharpened iron. At this end sits the steersman.

This is the germinal idea of the ice-yacht. The framed T is scarcely a foot from the ice, so that prudence dictates to the wayfaring man on the ice not to be run over by an ice-yacht any more than by the cow-catcher of a locomotive. In the modern

ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.

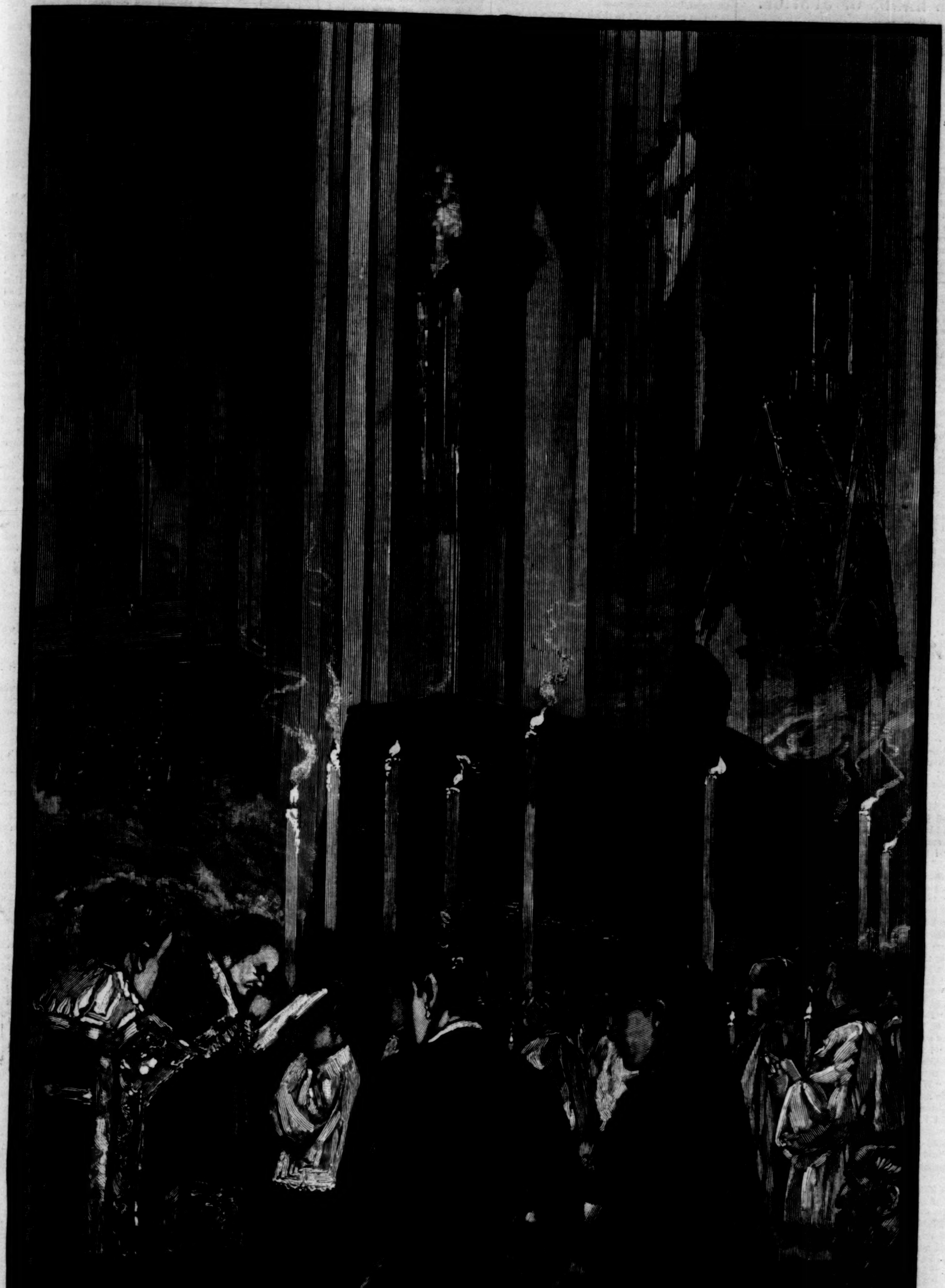
ice-yacht the mast is stepped at the centre of the stringer, and steadied by being also stepped through a short mast plank a few inches higher, and by stiff iron shrouds "set up taut" and bolted to the stringer. The stays of the bowsprit lead to the ends of the stringer. The rig is jib and mainsail, though some adventurous vexers of the ice add a superfluous and defiant club topsail. All of this gear needs to be of the very strongest. At a race last week the leading boat, making for the winning-post at the rate, as an enthusiastic spectator declared, of seventy miles an hour, one of the bowsprit stays gave way, and then the bowsprit itself, with a report like that of a cannon, and in three seconds the madly careering yacht looked as if she had been converted from a thing of life into a miscellany of lumber and junk.

The runners of the modern ice-yacht are about four feet long, and act like outriggers in securing stability. In fresh breezes the windward runner, of course, tends to leave the ice, and throw the whole weight and strain of the yacht upon the lee runner. This tendency is counteracted by ballast, generally composed, by the experienced skipper, of an honored guest from the city, who hangs on grimly while a spray of crushed ice rises at him, and he is borne onward at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. Whether this proceeding assists the gravity of the runner or not, so as to keep it bearing, it certainly counteracts any tendency to undue levity on the part of the ballast.

The crew and passengers do themselves up into the likeness of hedgehogs with coats and mufflers and many stockings. The breezes of January on the Upper Hudson in ice-yachting weather are apt to be a trifle keen when one is going against them or at right angles with them at the speed of a special express train. Moreover, the thickness serves another purpose. When the helm is put down on the wind to tack, or the cheerful operation of jibing is undertaken going free, the change of direction is so sudden that the incautious passenger finds himself suddenly left, and is apt to be extremely surprised at his own momentum. He goes skipping over the ice like what is called in the base-ball field a hot grounder, and his only hope is that he may not be "sharply fielded" by an imbedded log in the ice or a casual bowlder. So long as he has only the ordinary asperities of the frozen surface to contend with he goes on without damage until friction and gravity re-assert their sway, provided he is thickly enough clad to insure him against casual contusions. Tremendous as is the speed the ice-boats attain, and great as seem to be the risks of the sport, serious accidents are very rare, and fatal accidents almost unknown.

The speed of ice-boats is a mooted question. The sensations of the ice-boat men, which are commonly appealed to in oral discussions, are about as trustworthy as would be the impressions of a man who had been shot out of a gun touching the rate at which he was travelling, and the radius of the curve he was describing. The ice-yachts, however, have no difficulty, with the right breeze and good ice, in beating the fastest express-trains, and one boat has an undisputed record of nine miles in seven minutes, or at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. No wonder that the votaries of such a sport find all other winter sports "slow" after it, nor that the excitement of peril adds to the exhilaration it induces!

Size, in ice-yachting as in yachting in the fluid element, is the measure of power. The dimensions of the "vessels" are steadily increasing, and the latest addition to the winter fleet, the *Icicle*, has runners of about twice the usual length, measures 90 feet from bowsprit end to rudder-post, 100 feet from bowsprit end to end of main-boom, and spreads over 1000 feet of canvas.



LAID AT REST IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.—Drawn by Weldon and Graham.—[See Page 94.]

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRUTH OF IT.

Lucy Brake dropped like a stone to the floor. Had Kitty shot her, the effect could not have been more complete. Prepared as she was for the avowal, the answer was nevertheless as hard for Lucy to resist as to accept.

She had brooded for so many years on the love and constancy of her young husband, of the hero that he was in her generous estimation of him, and never dreaming for an instant of the hero he was not.

When she came to herself she found her head resting on Kitty's breast, with Kitty's arms round her, and her tears upon her cheek.

"My poor Lucy! I did not think you would give way like this," said Kitty.

Lucy struggled from her embrace, rose to her feet, and sat in a chair away from her; and Kitty stood with folded hands, sadly submissive to this new evidence of aversion. It was to be expected, perhaps; there had been too lavish a profession of friendship for a beginning, and hers had been a terrible confession, or appeared like one at first sight. Kitty moved slowly to the window and closed it, went to the door and locked it, and then resumed her position before the young widow, like one prepared to answer any questions which Lucy had the heart to put to her.

But Lucy Brake continued to regard her with a grave fixed stare, like a woman wondering at her and forever perplexed.

"I am sorry you have heard this," said Kitty at last, "that such a miserable truth should have come to you to-night."

"She told me, not you," replied Lucy, in a low tone; "you would have deceived me to the end of your life, had it been in your power."

"I think I would," answered Kitty. "I think it would have been for the best. Morris Brake is dead; what necessity was there to speak of his faults, or to shake your trust in his virtues? It is all over and gone."

"Yes, it is all gone," repeated Lucy, "gone like a dream."

"Why did Miss Brake tell you anything of this?"

"To crush me down, to make my dark world darker and more desolate," said Lucy; "that is all."

"No, hardly that," answered Kitty. "She was thinking you had made an idol in your heart of Morris, and he was not worthy of your devotion; that he stood between you and all chance of happiness."

"Why do you think so?"

"She has spoken of it very frequently," replied Kitty. "'If Lucy would think less of my dead brother,' she has said, 'she would love a better man some day.' She—"

"I don't want to hear what Miss Brake has said," cried Lucy, petulantly, "but what you have to tell me. You own he made love to you. In what way do *you* mean?"

"Is it worth while?" asked Kitty, helplessly; "is it any use?"

"Yes. Let me hear the whole truth; let me know my Morris as he was, rather than as my fancy made him. He is dead," she added, mournfully; "he was everything to me. I shall not love him the less."

"Then why—"

"He made love to you— Well, go on," cried Lucy, impatiently.

"Pretended to love me, would be a better term," said Kitty, "for he did not care for me in any way, and I disliked him from the first."

"I can't believe it," said Lucy at once. To dislike Morris Brake was a complete impossibility, thought this young one-ideaed woman.

"When he came to see his sister he would pay me a great deal of attention. It was dull at Boston, he did not always agree with Miss Brake, and I was a little distraction to his dullness, probably nothing more at any time. I am not quite certain," continued Kitty, "that Miss Brake would have been sorry if I had learned to love her brother, she thinking he was single, and a wild young fellow with no constancy of purpose in him. Of his future she had been afraid; he had as many faults as good traits of character, she used to say of him, and his impulses might lead him on at any time to ruin. I thought then he might have been in love with me a little. I did not fancy it was all play-acting until I heard he was your husband."

"And you heard that?"

"After his death."

"Not before then—at Boston? Go on, please."

"There is no more to say. There is very little which you can care to hear. I knew I was not fit for him. I was always glad of a pretext to avoid him and his compliments. His one surprise, poor fellow, was that I was not flattered by his notice, or to be led away by it."

"To be led away," repeated Lucy, in a husky whisper.

"Yes; he would have led me away if he could," said Kitty; "he liked me a little, and I was only his sister's servant in his eyes; one ruined woman more or less would not have mattered to him any more than it matters to many a scoundrel like him. Ah! forgive me," cried Kitty, quickly; "I forgot for a moment he was your husband."

"You have a right to think the worst of him," murmured Lucy, "if this is true—if it is possible to be true."

"If it will spare you any pang, pray think the worst of me," said Kitty, "and that all this is my poor invention. What can it matter?—what does it matter?"

"Yes—he is sleeping in his grave. He can not answer any charge against him; he has had no time even to say 'God forgive me!'" murmured Lucy. "Yes, what does it matter now?"

She sat and stared before her like one who had been struck a heavy blow and was bewildered by it; the pained, perplexed look on the fair young face touched Kitty's heart, and set her own troubles further back that night.

"You will never care to speak to me any more," said Kitty, mournfully; "and all this has been so much against my will that you should know. So I lose two friends in one night, and am more alone than ever."

"You have quarrelled with Greg?" asked Lucy, in a faint, far-away voice.

"Not quarrelled with him. I have lost him."

"You have been too hasty. You are playing into the hands of that dreadful woman Hester Brake, as I have done to-night. Why does she exult in human misery so much?" moaned Lucy.

"She acts for the best—for what she thinks is right," said Kitty; "and if the truth kills, it is still the truth with her."

"You feel she has injured you too?"

"I—I would rather not hear a word against her," answered Kitty.

"Strange the power to do mischief which she has," said Lucy, shuddering again. "She rests amongst us like a blight. How long will she live, I wonder," she added, bitterly, "to do such cruel work?"

"Hush! hush!" cried Kitty. "She has only stripped the bandage from our eyes so roughly that the truth has blinded us. That is all. We shall see more clearly presently," she added, with a sigh.

"You may," answered Lucy; "I shall not."

"Yes, yes, Lucy, you will; and if I may call you Lucy now," said Kitty, stealing toward her, bending over her, and putting her arms timidly around her neck; "and you will grow more content, more happy, with every day that follows this. This is no new trouble to you—only an old one which you have chanced to hear of, and from which I would have spared you all my life."

"You would have deceived me, then?"

"Yes, I would."

"And would have been glad to be deceived?"

"About Greg?—yes," answered Kitty, "I think I would; but God knows! I have been trying to piece it out, and have only failed. I had been so sure—so very sure—that his life belonged to me, and was to be trusted to me. But—you don't care to hear. I'm selfish to speak of it to-night."

"And I—I can not think of it," said Lucy, rising. "I should be glad to get to my own room. I feel very weak."

"Lean upon my arm, and let me lead you."

"I—I am afraid of you," said Lucy, faintly. "I don't know what other secrets you may have—what else you may tell me some day. Yours has been so dark a life!"

"Yes, madam," said Kitty, very humbly, "that is true."

"All is confusion with me, and nothing seems as it was this bright morning."

"Nothing is," came the slow answer back.

"I am like a half-witted girl who has lost her way; but," she said, "I may come back to it, with some one to love and to trust in—and with God's help. To-night I am dreadfully alone, trusting no one in the world."

"You have a father to love, you have John Woodhatch to love you, Greg to love you, little Morice to love you," said Kitty. "Ah! Mrs. Brake, you are rich in affection, and have lost no friend. It is I who am alone."

Lucy put her hand through Kitty's arm.

"But it is you who are strong—who will know what to do. Why is it," she asked, "that I am weaker than you—so much more of a child?"

"That may be all the better presently," said Kitty.

"I do not see that."

The two young women went out into the corridor, Lucy walking with difficulty, like a woman in her sleep, and Kitty guiding carefully her steps. Lucy's room was only a few paces off, but it was very dark without, and some one seemed to rustle away in the distance, and be lost in it.

"Mrs. Chadderton, I suppose," said Lucy, after pausing for a moment; "she has been playing the spy as usual. Ah, well, what does it matter?—as you said a little while ago."

"Not much," responded Kitty.

At Lucy's door they paused.

"If I have stabbed you with my words to-night," said Kitty, "try and forget them presently. I would have spared you had you let me."

Lucy put her hands upon her shoulder, and kissed her softly.

"I thought I hated you an hour ago, but I don't," she said. "Good-night."

Kitty returned her kiss and good-night, and walked back thoughtfully to her own room.

CHAPTER XII.

A LETTER FROM ABROAD.

Peace remained in the ascendant at Farm Forlorn for several days after this, and each inmate, in trouble and doubt, kept the trouble and doubt in the background, and did not harass other folk with them. Still it was a false peace, which deceived no one; and there were many waiting—almost patiently!—for the storm which they thought must come soon to the homestead of John Woodhatch.

John Woodhatch, perhaps, was the least suspicious of all the little community gathered at Skegs Shore, although he had been roughly awakened to the fact that one great scheme of his life was, so far as it had gone, an utter failure after all. One more mistake of his, despite his generous plotting for other people's welfare, and his planning for the common good. The collapse of one more scheme, the greatest and the best; and it had all ended as Parson Larcom had prophesied.

"Not that it *is* the end of it, Alec," he said; "or I will own it is the end. You are only right up to present date, and life is full of change."

"And women too," added Mr. Larcom; "they never are of one mind vary long, ye know."

"I don't know," answered Woodhatch; "the few I have known I used to think were absolutely fixed to one idea."

"Miss Brake excepted," said Mr. Larcom, with a laugh.

"Oh, she's mad!" was the short reply, as John Woodhatch tramped away over his fields. He hardly meant what he said, although Miss Brake aggravated him at times by her innumerable suspicions, by her calm demeanor, as well as by her fits of fretfulness. He was discontented with the whole sex at present; there was no clinging to one idea now about them; he should be a woman-hater in good time, he thought; the fickleness of women vexed him, their sudden change of opinion and intention kept him restless, and the mystery encircling their motives, when he asked for motives, would have made him as insane as they were if he had not sought refuge from everything and everybody in sheer hard work, and bargains at the markets.

It was Kitty who had given the last turn to his thoughts. The girl from whom he had least expected a disappointment or rebuff had suddenly confronted him with the announcement that she was not going to marry Greg Dorward. She had faced him a few days ago with this astounding statement, looking so earnestly and straightforwardly into his inquiring face that he had not the heart to be very angry until after she had left him. As he informed Mr. Larcom afterward, he had stood like a fool, and had had scarcely a word to say in reply, although a five years' scheme had been shivered and splintered before him as though it had been glass.

He had been speaking of Tolland's farm to her; indeed, had paid her the compliment one morning of offering to drive her to it on a visit of inspection, and she had seized the opportunity of apprising him that the engagement was at an end between her and Greg Dorward.

"It is as well to tell you I shall never marry him, sir," was the statement made; "that I have persuaded him to agree to the breaking of our engagement; that seeing him again, and judging for myself that I am no more fit for him than he is for me, I feel sure it is the best to part whilst we are friends."

All this had been spoken very rapidly, like a girl in considerable haste to get to the end of a story which embarrassed her seriously in its relation.

"This is Greg's fault, not yours," came the quick answer back, and in the listener's first surprise.

"No, sir; it is mine."

"On your honor?"

"On my honor, Mr. Woodhatch," was the reply. "Greg is sorry, I think. Greg would marry me to-morrow if I would change my mind again."

"What the devil have you been quarrelling about?" John Woodhatch had exclaimed; and this was the one little burst of anger he had indulged in during the interview. "Do you think I asked you here to wrangle with him?"

"I have not quarrelled with him; he has not been angry in any way with me. It is all my fault, if there is any fault in judging what is best for one's self," said Kitty.

"You are only a child. How do you know what is best?"

"I think—I hope I do," answered Kitty.

"And are my wishes to go for nothing?" he asked; "and at the last, like this, when I have found a farm for him, and stocked it, and made a home for you both? And both of you dumb till it was all arranged, and I had spent my money."

"Ah! there I am very sorry. But Greg and I have just met as man and woman; we had been so long strangers to each other. You had only talked of him to me for all these five long years, and I did not know him for myself. There was the mistake of it all, Mr. Woodhatch," continued Kitty; "and when it came to the reality, when I could but see in a marriage with Greg much unhappiness and more mistakes, I made up my mind never to become his wife."

"Very well," said John Woodhatch, gloomily.

"You do not wish me to be unhappy, dear master, I am sure. You would not care to saddle Greg with a soured and discontented woman."

"Like her I was idiot enough to put you with, and whose manners you have copied," he said, bluntly.

"Oh, Mr. Woodhatch!"

"There! do as you like, Kitty," he said, touching her shoulder with his broad hand by way of consolation or apology; "it is your life, not mine, and I don't want to make it unhappy."

"Thank you."

"Still I am sorry for Greg. He has not been treated well in this matter, so far as I can see; but," he added, quaintly, as he walked away, "hanged if I see an inch ahead at present."

He had gone away, thinking Greg might offer some clearer explanation of the facts; but Greg's frankness had only more completely mystified and disheartened him.

"I am more sorry than you are, sir," was Greg's explanation of the case. "I am sure she would have made me the best of wives. It is her self-depreciation which renders her morbid and nervous. She is unfit for me, she says, and nothing at present will convince her to the contrary."

"At present? Then you think it likely she will change her mind?"

"Yes, sir. We have not quarrelled."

"So she tells me."

"And I don't give up the hope that all will soon come round," Greg added.

"You are not one to give up," remarked John Woodhatch. "Every day you remind me more of what I was at your age—full of courage and trust, and not to be cowed in the face of opposition. I should be very sorry if you were not able to conquer this silly fit of fastidiousness in Kitty Vanch. It is so right a thing you two should marry."

"Yes, it is," Greg responded.

"I suppose that fidgety Miss Brake has been advising her," he muttered. "I wish she had never come here."

"She *is* full of fancies, poor woman," answered Greg, as moodily as his master.

Then they had separated; and matters, as we have already intimated, had gone on peacefully, to all outward appearance, until this date; that is, some two weeks since John Woodhatch had filled his house with guests, and, as it appeared now, to his own discomfiture. All would be right in time, he hoped; but the present was not very encouraging, although he could take comfort in it, and satisfaction from it, Lucy Brake being one of his guests, and one who it was a deep, silent pleasure to know was close at hand, and once more a part of his strange home. That her face was very full of sad thoughts, even of vague doubts, only increased his old interest in her—his wish to be of service to her for the remainder of his days. And if the wish were futile, as he knew it was, still she was by his side at Farm Forlorn, and did not speak yet of going away.

Meanwhile, Hester Brake remained very impassive, and to all outward seeming took no satisfaction to herself at the result of her last revelations. The thin, worn face remained in shadow still, and the eyes had the same far-away look which they had always had. Kitty was as attentive as ever, but the consciousness that the mistress's words had helped to separate her from Greg seemed to show itself in Kitty's manner, try how she would to appear the same. It was for the best, it had been done for her good, but for ever after this she, Hester Brake, would be associated with unhappiness, with having worked much ill.

"Better to hate me than marry a man who never cared for you," she said one day, suddenly, to Kitty.

"I don't hate you, Miss Hester," was the reply.

"Do you love me any the less?"

"No, no. You were right enough in guessing Greg did not care for me, and it was right I should know. You gave me my chance," answered Kitty.

"No, I did not."

Kitty looked surprised.

"You would never have married him, even had you forgiven his loving Lucy Brake," said Hester. "It was not to be."

"I forgave his love for her at once," answered Lucy, quickly. "I keep away from him—forever perhaps—because I can not be of help to him."

"So that is it," muttered Hester, "and you are as weak a fool as the rest of us."

Kitty did not know what Miss Brake meant by this half-soliloquy, and did not press her for an explanation. She stole away the instant afterward, and Miss Brake, staring before her into the garden, was not aware that she had gone. Lucy replaced her in a few more minutes, but she did not look toward her, and the young widow passed through the room with no salutation to her sister-in-law. Lucy was less of a heroine than Kitty Vanch, perhaps; at all events possessed less of that heroic quality which consists in forgiving those who have dispelled our conceits, and toppled over the idols which those conceits had set up. In a fit of petulance, of angry recrimination, as it seemed to Lucy, Hester had drawn the true portrait of Morris Brake, and Lucy had not been grateful for the portraiture, and had even told Hester that she lied. Hence the reference to Kitty Vanch, and all the stern, bare truths of these latter days—the clear, cold, cruel daylight wherein no fancies lived.

"You and my Lucy don't appear to be quite as big friends as ye ought to be, conseedering the relationship," said Alec Larcom to her one morning, when she was reading a letter which had just reached her from abroad.

"No. She does not like me," commented Miss Brake, without looking up, "and I am tired of trying to make her."

"Ye've had more wards, I suppose?"

"Hasn't she told you?"

"No. She never did tell me more than she could posseebly help," was the dry reply. "Ye see, I'm a kind of creature that don't encourage confeedence."

"No, you are too hard," said Hester, still perusing her foreign epistle. "If there had been more gentleness in your nature, and less presumption, you would have been a better father to her."

"Marcy on us, woman, what next will ye say?" exclaimed Mr. Larcom.

"She never had a mother. And girls brought up without mothers have a harder battle than the rest, let fathers be what they may," she said, looking up from her letter for the first time.

"Ay, there's something in that," answered Mr. Larcom, "although ye have an uncomfortable way of explaining matters, Hester."

"And money will not comfort her a great deal, I presume—as it might you, Mr. Larcom," she added.

"I have a wholesome raspect for money," confessed the Methodist, "knowing the good it may do."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"To yourself?"

"To most folk, properly applied," he added.

"Will that console Lucy, do you think, for all the wretched past?"

Hester Brake held the letter she had been reading to Mr. Larcom, who took it, and adjusted his glasses carefully on his nose.

"It's in French," he said with disgust, "and ye know I can't read such outlandish rubbish."

"It says that the estate is all settled, and the money which my bad father made abroad, Heaven knows by what means, is at the sole disposal of his heirs; that is, at the disposal of myself and little Morice, presently, who represents my dead brother, I suppose. I don't know French law, and it is too late to learn."

"Ye can take some things vary coolly, Hester Brake," observed Mr. Larcom, returning the letter. "To think ye should have been reading good news like that with so meeserable a face, and talking to me of my presumption all the while!"

"It is not good news to me. It comes too late, even if it were. I would rather have one true friend than all this money."

"How much money is it altogether?" asked Mr. Larcom, with increasing interest in the subject.

"Some forty thousand pounds."

"Lard save us all!" ejaculated her listener.

CHAPTER XIII.

WAITING TILL TO-MORROW.

The news of the change of fortune for Hester Brake—for Lucy Brake and Morice—was not long in circulating through the farm, and there was much discussion on the subject, and a new topic of interest, which the invalid lady alone appeared to shun.

"It is not good news to me, John," she said, for the second time, when the farmer had offered his congratulations in his blunt way an hour or two later, after Mr. Larcom had been overwhelmed by the intelligence.

"Larcom tells me you think so," said Woodhatch, "but you do not know."

"Shall I have time to know?" she asked.

"To be sure you will."

"Where is the will I gave you to mind?" she asked.

"In my safe, there."

"Take care of it, now there is much money to leave behind me," she adjured, satirically, "and so many people to think of."

"It is not likely to be lost."

"That's well. And should I live to become possessor of this money," she said, "there is a long account to settle between us, John, and as speedily as may be."

"Oh, rubbish!"

"You were very kind to me and Morris," she continued; "you saved us from the evil examples and bad lives; you stood our friend when we were short of friends, and knew not where to turn. For your care of us there are only the grateful thanks now of a disagreeable woman, but for the money we have cost you I can at least make some amends."

"When you get your money," laughed John Woodhatch, "we can have half a dozen hot words over the settlement."

"Ah! you think, with all the rest of them, what a bad-tempered, envious, querulous woman I have been. Don't you?" she asked.

"What a question!"

"Don't you?" she repeated. "Why can not you answer me in a straightforward manner?"

"Well, I have not so bad an opinion of you as all that, Hester, or I should have never chosen you to take care of Kitty Vanch."

"I was more amiable then."

"So you were," assented Mr. Woodhatch.

"And I have altered very much."

"You have altered a little," he remarked, "but that—"

"And I have stood between you and your pet scheme of marrying Kitty to Greg Dorward."

"Well, probably you have," said John Woodhatch.

"And I have told Lucy that my brother Morris was not the good, faithful, high-souled being she had pictured him," she added.

"What on earth did you tell her that for?" exclaimed the farmer. "Of all the inconsistent, aggravating women, I believe you are the worst."

"Yes, that's your opinion," said Hester; "very likely I am. It is hard to judge one's own character, self steps so formidably in the way. But I thought it was best she should know that poor Morris was not a hero."

"Best for her, do you mean?"

"And for you," she added, calmly; "the dead husband was in your way, John. And you will never be happy without she becomes your wife."

"I have given up all hope of that."

"How long?"

"Years. I wish I had told you this before," he replied.

"Hope will come again to you."

"Lucy Brake and Morice and her father will go abroad and live abroad presently—very shortly, indeed," he said; "they have been talking of it to-night as a settled thing. The mere thought of the money brings already changes with it."

"Change is the lot of all of us. There is no rest."

"No," answered John Woodhatch, thoughtfully.

"And you can live abroad too, John," she said, after a long silence.

"Impossible."

"You will have nothing to stop in England for except Farm Forlorn, and its crowd of miserable failures," she said.

"I will live for my failures, then," was the reply. "I have always said to myself, to God, that here was my one task."

His voice faltered for an instant, and she reached out her hand and touched his own very gently and even timidly.

"Good man, striving to do good, and failing perhaps more completely than you think," she said; "still there is God's reward for all this presently. And so, God bless you, John!"

To his astonishment she raised his hand to her lips, and brought the blood in a rush to his face. He looked round hurriedly, and in no small confusion, but there was no one to observe them.

"Let me lean upon your arm to-night, the one friend whom I have not set against me yet," she said; "will you see me to my room door, and save Kitty coming down?"

"Yes—if you wish," he replied, almost reluctantly.

"They will only think you are becoming more attentive to me now that I have some money to leave behind me," she said, with her old satirical vein asserting itself once more; "but what they think of you—or me—does not matter in the least."

"Why, no," answered her old friend.

They went upstairs together, she leaning, as he fancied, more heavily upon his arm than he had known her do on the few occasions that he had offered her his escort.

In the corridor, and a few paces from her room, they met Kitty coming toward them. She was surprised to meet them, and Miss Brake put her, gently but not unkindly, aside, and walked on to the door of her room by the side of the farmer.

There she paused, with Kitty for a witness, and with her hand still upon his arm.

"Good-night," she said.

"Good-night, Hester," he replied.

"There is one thing more I should have liked to tell you to-night, John," she said, regarding him wistfully, "but I am afraid."

"Yes, yes; don't let us have anything new to-night," he said, with alacrity; "it is getting very late."

"To-morrow, or the next day, perhaps, if you will."

"Very well," he said, "and if it is important."

"It is terribly important to you."

"Oh, never mind me."

"And to most of us at Skegs Shore," she added. "Good-night again, and—to-morrow—then!"

"Ah! yes—to-morrow;" and then John Woodhatch hurried away, glad to escape his companion before any fresh news should escape her.

But the morrow found Hester Brake a woman very wild and strange, who knew not friend from foe, and cowered from all alike in the frenzy of the fever which had come to her, suddenly and swiftly, like the trouble which had followed her through her life, and had never let her rest—that had even met her on the threshold of her new prosperity, and struck her down like this.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLDS, AND HOW TO CHECK THEM.

What is the most common of all diseases in our climate? A cold.

Are colds curable? Strictly speaking, no. After it is fully developed, I have never known a cold to be cured by medical treatment: the disease runs through a certain course, and in the popular phrase "cures itself" after a greater or less degree of suffering on the part of the patient. It is, in the scientific phrase, one of the "self-limited" diseases. But sometimes, when a damaged organ is attacked, a cold may terminate less favorably; sometimes in pneumonia or pleurisy, or even in consumption. More frequently a succession of neglected colds brings on chronic catarrh, a complaint that is particularly frequent in our trying climate.

But if we can not actually cure a cold after it is fully developed, it is all the more important that we should be able to do one of two things with it—first, to cut it short at the outset, before the disease has time to develop itself; or second, to prevent its running on into any of the bad consequences that I have named.

We will look at these cases separately. And first, what is the nature of this disease which I have called incurable, but which can still be checked in many cases at the outset, or even, if it should run its usual course, may be controlled as to its consequences?

A cold is an inflammation, attended by more or less fever; its usual cause is exposure to a draught, and especially exposure of the feet or of the throat. It attacks the lining membrane of the nostrils, the fauces and pharynx, or the trachea and bronchi, or more than one of these regions; and we ordinarily speak of these three forms as cold in the head, sore throat, and cold in the chest. A cold in the head begins with sneezing and "defluxion," or a discharge from the nostrils; a cold in the throat, with hoarseness and sore glands; a cold in the chest, with a cough. Either form often runs into one or both of the other forms; but it is important to distinguish them at the outset, as I shall point out in speaking of the treatment.

1. *To cut short a cold at the outset.*—When the cold begins "in the head," with sneezing, watery eyes, and defluxion, the following treatment will cut it short four times out of five; but it must be taken at once, or at the latest within six hours after the first symptoms occur. I don't say it is a pleasant treatment, but it is an effective one. Fill a tumbler half full of tepid water (four ounces), add to it twenty drops of laudanum, close the left nostril with the forefinger of the left hand, incline the head to the right, and holding the glass in the right hand, press the edge of it against the right nostril, inclining the glass, then sniff up very slowly a quantity of the solution, until you feel it beginning to run down at the back part of the throat. Reverse the operation for the other nostril. Do not blow out the laudanum and water at once, but let it remain a minute, or until the stinging sensation that it causes grows less. Immediate relief is generally given by this simple treatment. It must be done deliberately and thoroughly; if the symptoms are not checked by the first trial, repeat it a few times at intervals of half an hour, and keep within-doors, if possible, for a day. I have often practiced this operation on myself and on patients; if carefully done, and promptly, it will break up a cold in the head before it has a chance to get a fair start. A sniff in time saves nine. But if this treatment is put off later, it is of no use, for the inflammation of the nasal passages soon takes firm hold, and the cold passes on into what I have called the *incurable* stage, in which there is little to be done except to palliate the sufferer's discomforts.

When the cold commences in the throat, what shall we do? Tie up the throat in a piece of flannel (red or any other color—the color makes not the least difference), and by all means stay at home if possible. If you know by experience that the cold threatens to be a severe one, take ten grains of Dover's powder, and some warm drink (the better if gently stimulating, though I do not urge this upon total abstainers), and go to bed as early as may be. You have an even chance of being well, or much better at least, in the morning. A good perspiration always helps the cure.

If the cold begins in the bronchial tubes, the above measures should be taken without delay, and, in addition, a mustard poultice should be applied to the upper part of the chest, and kept on until the skin is red, but not long enough to blister. A towel or a linen bandage around the throat, wet with tepid water, often does much good; it should be kept on through the night, and covered with a piece of flannel to check the escape of moisture. In winter keep the room at an even temperature of about 70°—not higher.

So much for treatment at the outset. Now a word upon the other point mentioned.

2. *How to prevent a cold from running on indefinitely, or turning into something worse.*—Many persons find relief by a tonic treatment from the start, as by quinine or iron. But a physician's advice should always be had by those who find that their colds are likely to hang on. No hard-and-fast rules can be laid down. The main points are, first, to avoid unnecessary further exposure to cold; second, to get competent treatment adapted to the individual case; and third, as a means of prevention, to give special care to the question of how to clothe one's self, winter and summer, in this most trying climate. I will only say, on this point, that there is no greater superstition among intelligent people than that of going with the neck unprotected in cold weather. This exposure will do for the very robust, but for nobody else. But the question how to dress in our variable climate is one that requires a paper to itself. Titus Munson Coan.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Philadelphia parson who published a marriage notice with the addition, "No fee for the minister; empty envelope dodge," may have acted with unwise haste. A preacher in Indiana has recently received a letter containing one hundred dollars, with the explanation that it came from a man whom he had married when he was too poor to pay for the service, but who had prospered abundantly, and was willing to pay a liberal interest on the original obligation.

The Hartford *Courant* takes the law-makers in Washington to task for using the alleged word "auto-mobile" with reference to torpedoes. It says that "auto-mobile" is an improper combination of Greek and Latin roots, and suggests that "self-moving" would convey the meaning which the etymological monstrosity is intended to convey.

Plans have been presented to the Light-house Board in Washington for erecting an electric light tower at the entrance to Hell Gate. A similar tower is in use at the entrance to the harbor at Savannah. It is expected that the board will decide at the meeting to be held this month whether the project shall be further considered.

The government has been exerting itself in behalf of pole-boat navigation of the Savannah River above Augusta. The engineers have already expended $24,000 in blasting out rocks and building side dams, and the last River and Harbor Bill appropriated $15,000 more for the work. One of the engineers has now discovered that if this money be expended, the current may be made so strong that boats can not be poled up the stream. In that event the strong current would do away with the necessity of poling boats down the stream, and the interest of pole-boat navigation on the Savannah would receive a serious blow. It is a great thing to know when to stop fostering a tender industry.

It has been decided by an Oregon judge that Chinese actors are not laborers, and that they may be permitted, therefore, to enter the United States, under the law recently enacted, without passports. When the wages of actors have been reduced to a mere pittance through the competition of Chinese cheap "Hamlets" and Oriental ham-fatters, perhaps he will see and acknowledge his error.

Much solicitude for the welfare of the obelisk in Central Park was awakened by the extremely cold weather of a few weeks ago, and it was suggested that the stone be protected from the cold by a sheathing of glass, or that a museum be built around it with a dome lofty enough to protect the monolith—something after the manner of the circus wagon in which the giraffe is carried. Advice was sought from those who were informed as to how Egyptian obelisks are affected by low temperatures, and their assurances that the precious stone was in no danger allayed the anxiety. It was learned that the Paris monolith was covered with a transparent varnish when it was first brought from Egypt; but that protection was allowed to crumble off, and the shaft has stood the wear and tear of the weather as well without it as with it. Commander Gorringe, who brought the obelisk across the sea, says that it will probably be five thousand years before the hieroglyphics are beaten off by the weather, and he thinks that this period, added to the present age of the shaft, will be a very respectable age for an inscription.

The young Democratic reform Governor of Pennsylvania has discarded the title of His Excellency, and given orders that he shall be styled simply The Governor. This preference was made known to the State Senate through his private secretary, who was instructed to present communications as coming from "The Governor," and not from "His Excellency the Governor." Displeased Pennsylvanians are preserving the term by sarcastic references to "His Excellency the Governor's private secretary."

A newspaper tells how "a good breakfast can be prepared from the remains of yesterday's dinner, providing that consisted in part of roast mutton." What the exigencies of the hour demand is a recipe for making a good breakfast from the remains of yesterday's dinner when that repast consisted solely of reminiscence.

This is not a Knight going to a Tilt. It is simply an enterprising Citizen of New York, whose Office is on a line with the Steam-heating Company's Pipes.

An expert has given his opinion as to the recent upheaval in lower Broadway and an earlier explosion in another down-town thoroughfare, each of which injured a few persons and alarmed a good many. He believes that the solder with which the lengths of gas-pipe were joined was melted by the heat radiated from the under-ground steam-pipes, and that the released gas followed the line of the pipes till it found a reservoir in the man-hole where the intersecting steam-pipes are connected. In one case the explosion was caused by the lighting of a match by a workman who thought he smelled gas—a workman usually strikes a match when he thinks he smells gas—and in the other case the cause of the explosion remains a mystery. The expert believes that similar explosions may occur at any time till the heating pipes and the gas-pipes shall have been separated, or till the soldered joints of the latter shall have been replaced with connections that will not be destroyed by heat. The somewhat laborious and costly task of providing a remedy has not been begun, and is not likely to be for some time. Meanwhile New-Yorkers who have occasion to go about down-town will not know at what moment an inquiring laborer may strike a match and send them "kiting" with paving-stones and other débris toward the tops of the tall buildings, or when some unknown and mysterious agent of ignition may treat them to a like surprise. Uncertainty in the minds of the majority as to where the under-ground steam-pipes are located will stimulate conjecture as to when and where the catastrophe is to take place. Meditation in this line will recall the fact that at frequent intervals beneath the sidewalks are large boilers, in the care of janitors, or without care, and will recall the circumstances of the explosion of one of these boilers not many months ago. Walking in the middle of the street is out of the question, except at dead of night, when trucks and stages are not running. There seems to be nothing for the man to do whose business requires him to go about on foot down-town but to revise his expectations as to longevity, and to endeavor to so live that he may be at all times prepared for the worst. To clamber over heaps of paving-stones or barriers of iron and wooden pipes piled up, or to tumble into excavations, was annoying, but it seems that the steam-pipes were much less a source of danger when the streets were torn up to receive them than they are after the system has been perfected.

SPORTS AND CHARACTERS AT THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.—Drawn by Dan Beard.

COMING HOME AT LAST.

By WILL CARLETON.

[On the proposed removal of the remains of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE to this country.]

I.

THE banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past:
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Is coming home at last!
For years his poor abode was seen
In foreign lands alone,
And waves have thundered loud between
This singer and his own.
But he will soon be journeying
To friends across the sea;
And grander than of any king
His welcome here shall be!

II.

He can not come with cheerful brow,
And step of conscious pride;
He will not hear the tributes now
That fall on every side;
And when we tell him how his rich
Sad strains our hearts have sought,
He can not tell the price at which
The yearning words were bought!
And silently this man must come
Unto the waiting throng—
Who gave a trumpet voice to Home,
And thrilled the world with song!

III.

He wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone:
He who could teach Home's matchless worth
Ne'er had one of his own.
'Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,
Along the hilly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load;
And wheresoever in his round
He went with weary tread,
His sweet pathetic song he found
Had floated on ahead!

IV.

He heard the melodies it made
Come pealing o'er and o'er,
From royal music bands that played
Before the palace door;
He heard its gentle tones of love
From many a cottage creep,
When tender crooning mothers strove
To sing their babes to sleep;
And wheresoe'er true love had birth
This thrilling song had flown:
But he who taught Home's matchless worth
Had no home of his own!

V.

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Shall have a home at last!
And he shall rest where laurels wave
And fragrant grasses twine;
His sweetly kept and honored grave
Shall be a sacred shrine.
And pilgrims with glad eyes grown dim
Will fondly bend above
The man who sung the triumph hymn
Of earth's divinest love.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.—THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE London School Board has once more been successful in its triennial election, and the friends of the most liberal form of education have again obtained a majority of the members. Mr. Buxton is chosen chairman, and the policy of the board will be unchanged. Its tendency is to free and unsectarian instruction. A small charge is still made to parents who can pay, but not to the very poor. The board schools are, like our own, unsectarian, but some religious instruction is given. The English system embraces two kinds of schools—the voluntary and the board schools. The voluntary are sectarian schools, supported chiefly by the English Church and the Roman Catholic, aided by large grants from the public funds. They equal in number the board schools, and owe their chief support to religious zeal. But they have grown up chiefly within the last ten years as an opposing influence to the unsectarian schools, and their friends in London have constantly aimed at each election to gain a majority in the ruling board. In this they have been as constantly defeated. But it is asserted by the *Standard* and other Conservative newspapers that they have gained in strength, and made some progress toward their aim in the recent election. They claim that the board schools and the School Board have declined in popularity. This the friends of the School Board deny. The voluntary schools resemble the charitable and sectarian schools we once maintained in New York; the board schools are founded in part upon the best form of American education. The visits of Mr. Dale, Mr. Hastings, president of the recent Social Science Congress, of the Rev. Mr. Fraser, now Bishop of Manchester, and others to the United States have had an important influence upon English education.

The London School Board is composed of fifty-three members. They are elected by the tax-payers, male or female, from the different districts of the metropolis. They have under their care three hundred thousand children, and the number increases rapidly. They have never as yet been able to provide for all the children of the city; many are still without school room: the wonderful growth of London outstrips their efforts. But they boast that they are fast overtaking the wants of the community, and will at last provide for them all. The School Board is made up of clergymen, intelligent women, working-men, teachers, members of Parliament and of the House of Lords. Its first chairman, Lord Laurence, brought to its aid the energy and honesty of purpose which had marked his successful career in India. He and his associates in 1871 laid the foundation of the remarkable educational edifice. His successor, Sir Charles Reed, followed out the policy of the board with untiring zeal and good-humor, and planted schools all over the metropolis. His labors were incessant and invaluable. He met with ceaseless opposition. The friends of the voluntary schools accused him and his colleagues of extravagance and even waste; they denied that London needed so many schools; they offered to supply all its wants with sectarian schools. But the School Board sent out its intelligent agents into all the worst districts of the metropolis, and soon proved to the public the necessity of a rapid reform. They showed that the voluntary schools were wholly unable to meet the wants of the people, and that where they existed they were often unfit to educate and improve. They pointed out great numbers of children who never entered a school. Their arguments and their facts were conclusive, and the people sustained their liberal policy. When Sir Charles Reed died in the midst of his honorable labors, he was succeeded by Mr. Buxton, the present chairman of the board. Mr. Buxton is a leader in the advanced methods of education. But it is not only the chairman, but almost every member of the board, whose labors have been untiring and incessant. It is said that the members of the School Board are even more industrious than their teachers.

At the recent election the friends of the School Board united to give strength and intelligence to its membership. A committee was formed to guide the opinions of the voters. It was composed

of Lord Aberdare, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. S. Morley, Mr. Fawcett, the Rev. D. Davies, Miss Simcox, Mrs. Anderson, the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Derby, and a varied list of men of intellect, nobles, working-men, and cultivated women. It was a true democracy of the mind, a union of various classes of intellect in one honorable aim. The committee issued an appeal to the people. They reminded them that the industrial power of the country rested upon knowledge, and that the working-man, of all others, required a thorough education. They strove to arouse the interest of the voters by personal solicitation. They selected candidates of real merit, chiefly those who had been members of the old board, and they succeeded in their aim of defeating the efforts of the reactionary party, and of placing in office persons devoted and faithful to the cause of popular instruction.

The example of London is encouraging to the friends of education everywhere. It shows that the dullest conservatism can no longer resist the advancing power of knowledge. The great capital is resolved not to linger behind its sister cities in intelligence, and is laboring to educate all its people, and the most promising trait of modern politics is the general spread of education. Nations seem once more united in one common aim. It is a crusade against ignorance. It is a pacific rivalry and contest that may end in securing everywhere the solid victories of peace.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

ON page 89 will be found an illustration of a part of the ceremonies which attended the interment of the remains of the late Archbishop HUGHES beneath the middle altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Fifth Avenue. The remains had been removed to the Cathedral from the church in Mott Street on Monday, January 29, and the funeral services, which took place the next morning, attracted an immense audience. The casket containing the remains was placed on a catafalque in the central aisle. It was covered with a black pall edged with white. There were no flowers or other funeral emblems on the casket, and nothing but the Archbishop's mitre on the top of the casket told that it was the funeral of a high prelate. The chancel rail and the pulpit were draped with black, presenting a vivid contrast to the white arches in the body of the church, and the massive blocks of stone in the roof over the vestry, to which the bright sunlight streaming though the windows gave the appearance of blocks of gold. Hundreds of candles burned on the altar, and priests wearing rich vestments moved to and fro on the green carpet of the sanctuary. All the aisles were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and there was no place unoccupied except by the catafalque, around which four arches of candles burned.

Cardinal MCCLOSKEY, although in feeble health, occupied his throne, and took part in the services, and there were present six bishops and a large number of the Roman Catholic clergy of New York and other cities. The services were very impressive. In his funeral sermon Mgr. PRESTON dwelt chiefly on the ecclesiastical career of the Archbishop, whose memory he eulogized in terms of warm affection and of reverence.

Our artist represents the Cardinal in the act of performing absolution, after which the casket was carried to its final resting-place beneath the high altar of the Cathedral.

MUSICAL CREATURES.

IN some parts of the world there is a superstition that fish can be attracted to the surface of the water by music, and it is no uncommon spectacle to see an Indian standing in the bow of his canoe with spear poised, while his companion—usually a child—elicits a few plaintive notes from a reed at intervals. Such a notion is, of course, absurd, since fish give very few signs of hearing proper, and are only affected by sounds of such violence that, communicating their vibration to the water, they can be appreciated by common sensibility, just as a person who is "stone-deaf" can perceive and experience a disagreeable sensation on the report of a cannon near at hand. Tame fish confined in an aquarium may not be alarmed at the most boisterous movements or moderately loud noises close to them, but if the glass be thin, the slightest tap will cause them to flash away.

It is curious that the so-called "singing-fish" of the Indian Ocean and Spanish Main is yet unknown to naturalists; that is to say, the fish itself may be known, and no doubt is, but the particular species which emits the remarkable sounds has not been identified, nor has the precise mode of their production been discovered; though many hypotheses have been framed. I have heard them on several occasions on still nights, lying at anchor off Greytown—a rhythmical, monotonous, but not unmusical twanging, like the stroke of a Jew's-harp, faintly heard on deck, but loudly audible in the hold, especially of an iron ship, and proceeding apparently from directly underneath her keel. Black sailors attribute a supernatural origin to these tinklings, and declare that they are caused by seamen who have found a watery grave trying to get back into the vessel. I believe that nothing would induce a negro to go below when this harmonious hammering is heard.

The venomous tarantula was said to be rendered docile and harmless by music, while the dancing paroxysms of its bitten victim were immediately exorcised by soothing melodies. In an old medical volume I find the bite of this insect to be characterized, amongst other symptoms, by "mournful complaints when questioned, a melancholy look, and the patient points to his breast"; also, that "the symptoms usually return the next year," and that "music is reputed the only cure; but this must be of a particular kind, which can only be found out by trial." Unfortunately, trial has found out the imposture of the saltatory antics instead of the particular kind of tune requisite for their remedy.

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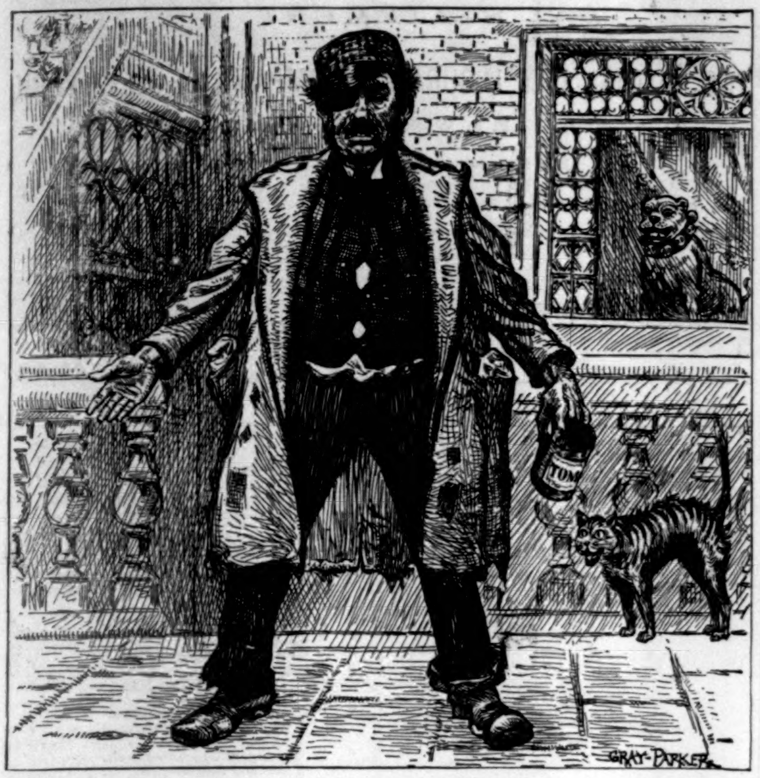

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